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By the men . . for the men in the service

FIFTH ARMY INFANTRY

Modern Living on a Beachhead in Bougainville

WITH SKETCHES—PAGE 3

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THIS IS THE BOUGAINVILLE HOME OF S/SGT. WILLIAM ORICK, CINCINNATI, OHIO; SGT. FRANCIS JOHNSON, ASHTABULA, OHIO, AND PVT. FRANK PISTACCHIA, THE BRONX, N. Y.

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A SAWMILL IN THE COMBAT AREA AT EMPRESS AUGUSTA BAY TURNS MAHOGANY AND TEAKWOOD INTO BUILDING MATERIAL.

Modern Living on a Beachhead in Bougainville

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

BOUGAINVILLE, THE SOLOMONS—When the communique mentions a "beachhead," a GI fresh from the States is likely to picture a strip of sand, with grim fighters struggling desperately to keep their flimsy foothold a few feet inside the jungle wall where the sand ends.

But at this beachhead, just a month or so after the initial attacking wave, here is what we find:

Instead of hand-to-hand struggle with the wily Japs, there are movies being shown 300 yards behind the front lines.

Instead of bearded figures, caked with mud, there is a colonel out of *Esquire* going by, smoking a cigarette in a six-inch holder.

Instead of tired runners and battle-scarred pigeons carrying messages, there are French telephones in the machine-gun nests to keep the gunners in touch with every other part of the beachhead and to summon artillery to their assistance in a matter of seconds.

Instead of notches in the trees as guide marks for the pathfinders, there are wooden signs right out of your home town: "Speed Limit: Recons. Jeeps, 20 mph; Trucks, 15 mph." "No Parking." "Have You Had Your Atabrine Today?" "Reserved for CG." There are gag signs over the mess sheds, such as those lettered in Gothic print and elegant Spencerian script at the 37th Division headquarters company: "Bougainville Grill." "Empress Augusta Tea Room." "Ye Old Bake Shoppe." "Torokina Trocadero."

Instead of reading "Superman" and the "Green Hornet," T-5 Donald N. Roberts, a machine gunner from Coshocton, Ohio, who used to be a Pennsylvania Railroad trackworker, is busy on his correspondence course in automobile mechanics. T-4 John Alcorn, of San Francisco, Calif., is conducting free nightly classes in Spanish, and studying Japanese on the side.

Finally, instead of a blackout, there are lights sparkling gaily over bridge games until sirens give air-raid warnings.

The beachhead has a depth of four miles rather than four feet as one might be apt to think. Going ashore with a .45 ready, a GI is astonished to find hundreds of jeeps and 2½-ton trucks rumbling placidly up and down sands where scores died four weeks before. Thumbing a ride, you are driven down along the beach a couple of miles, asked for "any new rumors," and then motored inland along a four-lane all-weather highway that would rate a blue line on a gasoline map back home.

The story of the road is the story of the beachhead itself.

MARINES made the initial landing and there was bloody fighting for several days. A week after the Marines landed, the first echelon of the Army came in and took over half the front. No sooner did the first wave hit the beach than Army specialists of every variety began installing the things of civilization. They were obeying the unwritten Army rule, not found in any manual but practiced faithfully at the front,

Sketches by Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh, YANK Staff Artist in the South Pacific.

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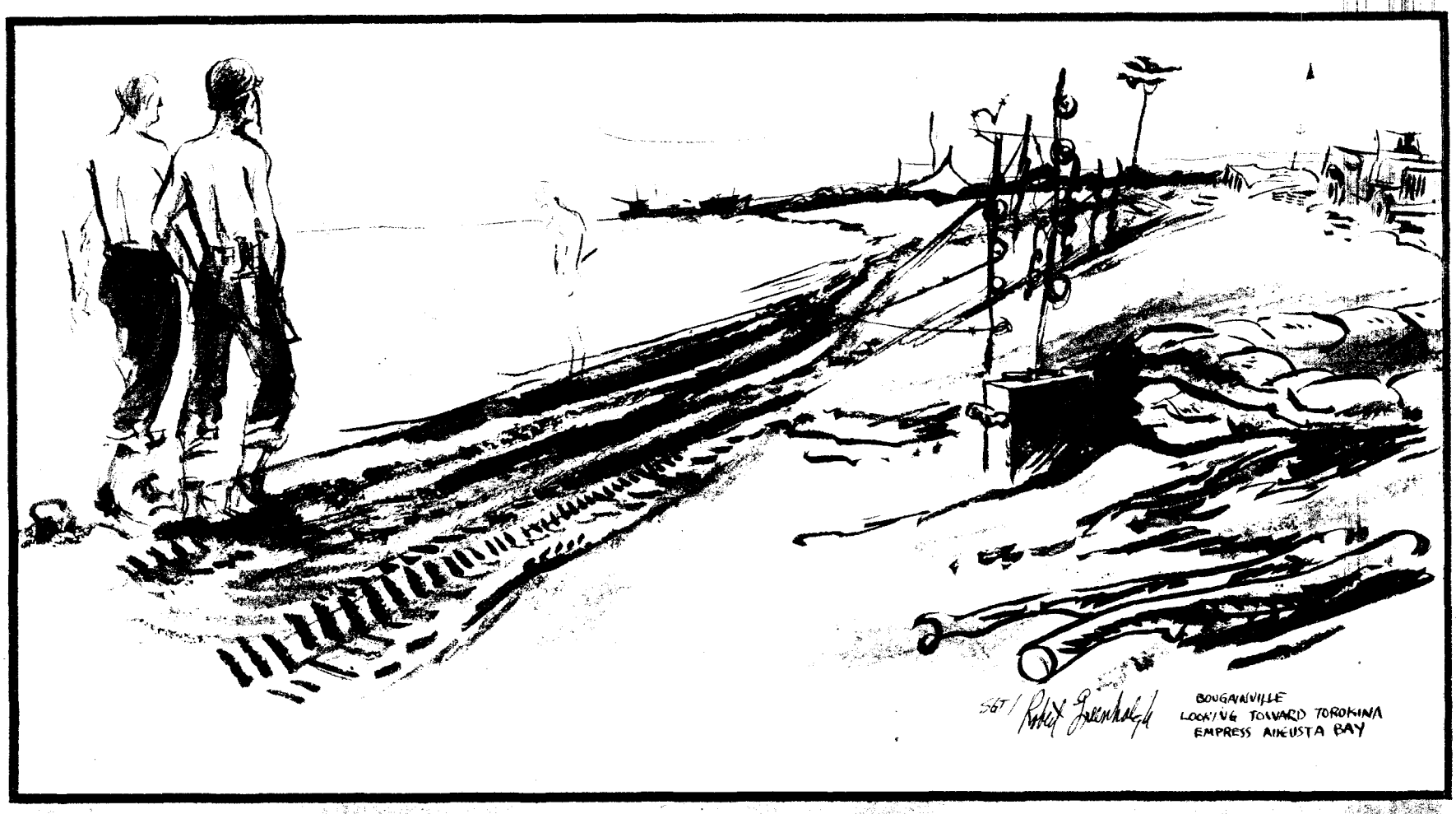

THE SAND ALONG THIS BEACH IS ALWAYS TORN WITH TRUCK AND JEEP RUTS. EVEN THOUGH THE JAPS ARE ONLY A FEW MILES AWAY, SOLDIERS GO SWIMMING HERE REGULARLY.

that "war is bad enough without being any more uncomfortable than necessary."

One of the few signs of civilization up to that time was the Marine brig, complete to stockade and padlock, whose first customers included two fellows who went AWOL from a supply detail to do some fighting on the front.

ASHORE with the Infantry in the first Army wave came Engineers, Signalmen, doctors, dentists, chaplains, supply experts — and the Special Service officer. In two weeks the latter was having movies flown in by officer courier. By the fifth week 3,500 soldiers were seeing movies at least once a week, and most of them three times a week. By the sixth week after invasion the SSO had movies running in a hospital ward tent 50 feet behind the front line, between two machine-gun nests. Japs could hear the swing music of Hollywood from an eighth of a mile outside the barbed wire.

Five weeks after the Army landed, the SSO had phonograph records for the boys, including a set that Hildegarde made in San Francisco at the same time the first troops came ashore.

The Engineers, from their experience on New Georgia, believed that the greatest immediate need was an excellent States-type road to permit rapid dispersal of the thousands of troops and hundreds of tons of supplies being brought ashore. With bulldozers and a wonderful "tree-dozer," which knocks over 100-foot trees like bowling pins, the Engineers smashed into the gnarled tangle of the jungle. Within five weeks they had 10 miles of the type of highway known in the States as "improved," and 130 miles of jeep trails. Every outfit in the wilderness was thus within 15 yards of a road.

Almost incidentally, the Engineers built five bridges with 15-ton capacity and 10 five-ton jeep spans. Before the Engineers had left Guadalcanal, G-4 told them there was no space in the ships for lumber or such things as bridge nails, so they had to find these materials on the beachhead.

For bridge nails, the Engineers sharpened the ends of bolts out of artillery-shell cases. The bolts, two feet long and three-quarters of an inch thick, proved quite serviceable when thus adapted.

A sawmill, nicknamed the "Thick and Thin Lumber Company," was started, and was soon producing as much as a mile of lumber a day. Scientists in Engineer clothes began making stress and strain tests on every local wood, much of it strange stuff none had seen before. One tree, called "Benus" by the natives, proved to be as strong and straight-grained as many of the world's finest known woods. After the bridges were done, the sawmill was kept going at top speed, and next priority was given to latrines and mess halls, because insect pests can be as dangerous an enemy as the Jap.

When the Signalmen hit the shore in the first wave, they had radio communication established with the rear in a matter of minutes, using portable equipment. In another day or two, they had strung 50 miles of telephone wire, and in six weeks they had 5,000 miles of it in place. The result was that S/Sgt. Jim Smith of Cleveland Heights, Ohio, divisional public-relations noncom, could sit in his pyramidal tent at division CP and egg on his regimental reporters by phone —French phone, of course.

Not even such things as a toothache or, for that matter, an embarrassing missing incisor in front that would spoil the good looks of the junior warrior, were neglected for long. Two weeks after the Army touched shore, dentists were calmly making false teeth at an average of one set a day.

Even loneliness came under prompt attack. Postal Service had regular mail flowing in within two weeks, and many of the letters received had been written in the States only 14 days before. GIs like Alcorn found they could even get some non-GI companionship by catching wombats for pets. The wombat is a peculiar local animal, the size of a dog, with the fur of a bear and the pouch of a kangaroo. The wombat's charming but popeyed offspring peer out from this pouch.

Wherever the Army left off in providing comfort, the boys took over themselves.

There is no GI equipment for warding off direct hits by big bombs, so each GI set about making his own arrangements. S/Sgt. William A. Orick of Cincinnati, Ohio, found a banyan tree with 2,000 pole-like roots. Banyans are queer trees whose roots start before the trunk reaches the ground, and this one, granddaddy of them all, had roots 40 feet up. At ground level Orick found a space inside big enough for three to live in comfort. Most GIs pass the frequent air raids underground, but Orick figures no bomb fragment made could pick its way through all those roots, so he slumbers peacefully in his cot above ground as the Mitsubishis do their worst.

Another eminent root dweller in a different part of the beachhead is 1st Sgt. Melvin E. (Speed) Spiedel of Headquarters Company, 37th Division, a former guitarist, amateur poet and ball player of Cleveland, Ohio. Spiedel took a tree which comes out of the ground in one piece in the conventional way and gouged out a hole under it big enough to accommodate a table and seven guests. It is always full house at Spiedel's when a raid is under way. Usually the sergeant leads in singing, but sometimes when the bombs are close, more sober thoughts are entertained. "Speed's Sanctuary—Where Men Learn to Pray," says the sign over the hole.

Boys of Co. C of one outfit found the ground water level in their area of the front line was 20 feet down, but by salvaging the bilge pumps from wrecked barges, they got all the water they wanted. The same company literally bayoneted the jungle clear. The machine gunners wanted a wide open space in front of the lines so that they would have an unobstructed view of attacking Japs. With 14 machetes and 180 bayonets, the company cleared out 25 acres in three weeks.

GI ingenuity was also brought to bear on the laundry problem. At one spot a coconut palm was felled across a brook, and the trunk, notched at the midstream point, made a perfect washboard.

ALL this does not mean that there has been any lack of discomfort and suffering and fighting and dying here. There has been lots of it.

The Marines suffered the worst casualties in the initial close-quarter struggling, but when the artillery set up positions, the Japs never were able to come close again in large numbers. In a single day 5,000 rounds of artillery fire were laid down on one advancing Jap unit and next day 1,100 dead were counted in half of the shelled area.

The chief mission of the Bougainville beachhead has been to provide a location for a fighter strip from which to attack such points as the strong Jap base at Rabaul, New Britain. To do this meant capturing 20 miles of jungle and then digging in behind a barbed-wired perimeter with antitank guns mounted for antipersonnel use, a defensive arrangement making our beachhead a bush Gibraltar. This done, the secondary troubles of life on an equatorial island showed up.

Centipedes in foxholes and hammocks proved about the worst. One bite, and the blitzed spot aches for a week.

Then there are the snapping ants, one of which got me. Although they are only twice the size of

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black ants back in the States, they are ferocious creatures, always on the warpath, and they snap their jaws so hard you can hear them 15 feet away—by actual test. Their bite feels like a stab from a hot needle.

Along the same line are the vicious local cousins of poison oak and sumac. No one is quite sure what plants or trees are responsible for the itchy, quickly spreading rash that is common hereabouts. As a matter of fact, I have that, too, and am writing this story in a bed at the clearing station.

Rain is another minor woe. When the Marines landed, all they had time to do at night was dig a hole, drop a poncho in the bottom and let it rain in. It did, every night. Bougainville is one of the wettest places on earth. More than 11 feet of rain come down each year. The Army has managed shelter of sorts from the first, but the rain sometimes makes sleeping in soaked clothes necessary. It takes three days to dry a pair of coveralls and a week for some kinds of wash.

The mile-high Bougainville mountains scoop cool air down onto the beachhead so that you need a blanket at night, but there is wilting heat at midday. You perspire freely, and the medics say this weakens you. Vitamin pills and an easy work schedule help you over this hurdle.

As for chow, even the officers admit it leaves something to be desired. There are no fresh vegetables, fresh meat, eggs in the shell or milk the way it came from the cow. Even bread is scarce; at 37th Division headquarters, one slice per man per meal is issued, and GIs have been known to run to get seconds. However, medics say the rations give a balanced diet, and the tropics take the edge off your appetite anyway.

Not all the primitive features of beachhead life are unpleasant to the boys. Although fatigues are the general uniform for all occasions, from combat-to the occasional three-can-a-man beer parties, men are allowed to wear anything or nothing. A surprising number choose the latter. Many make it a practice to walk stark naked from their outfits to the bathing stream, often a stroll of a third of a mile down busy roads. You feel you have seen everything when one of the martial nudists goes by in his birthday suit, riding on the running board of a truck.

One reason for the fearless lack of attire is that no one has any worries about coming across any women. The men of the 37th Division headquarters detachment, for instance, have seen only one white woman in nine months, and that is Lois, the nude on the chest of Pvt. Albert Herron, an MP who used to drive cabs in Toledo, Ohio.

It's not true that the war has passed this place by, however. There are still as many Japs on Bougainville as there are GIs. The cemetery keeps growing slowly, as men get killed on patrols outside the lines or bombs fall unluckily. And even after 40 air raids you still get a physicky feeling in the stomach when the bombers drone overhead in the light of a lover's moon.

"z-z-z-z-Z-Z," the plane will whine as it approaches, then "a-a-a-A-A-Ahh" as it dives. "wah-wah-Wah-Wah-WAH," whoosh the bombs as they fall and then "bawmph" as they hit. You crouch in your foxhole as low as you can get, say your final prayers as fast as you can for fear you won't get them done in time, and then over again slowly to be sure you have them right. Then you wait, your mind a little dull but not very troubled, content in the thought that you have done everything you could and it is now out of your hands.

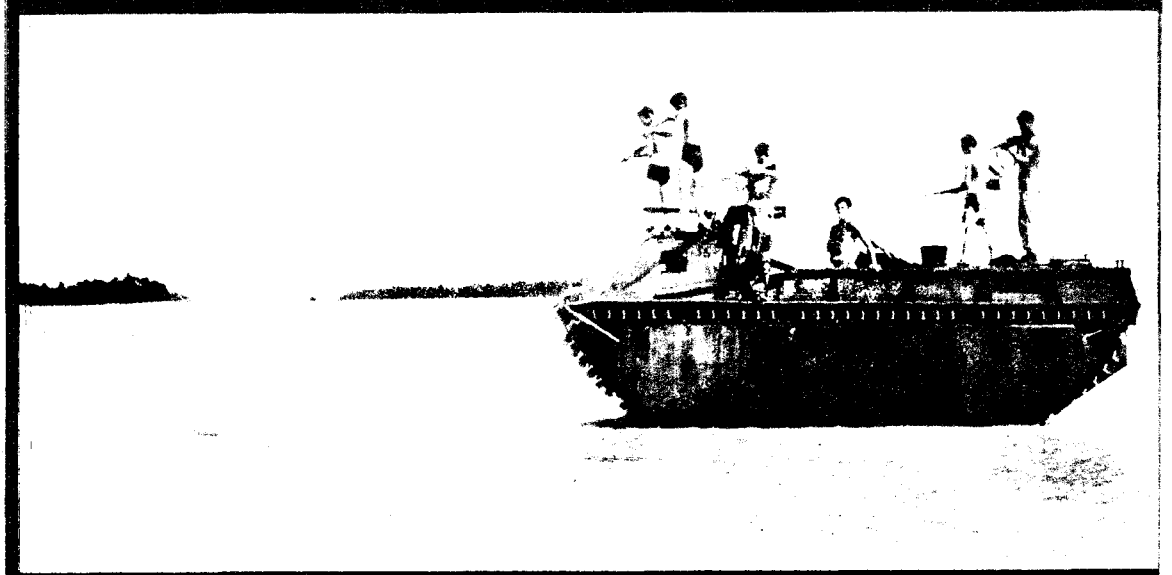
Even GIs who claim they have been through 500 bombings admit raids are still no fun. There is many a ripped jungle hammock netting on this beachhead to testify that the owner left in such a hurry that he had no time to unzip it.

Even your own artillery can be wearying as its "barum, barum, barum-barum," day and night for weeks on end, sends shells overhead with a sound like the last car on a fast train, or like the rumbling of thunder through a long cloud..

Perhaps the worst part of the almost nightly air raids is getting out of the warm hammock and into the damp foxhole, something that has happened as often as six times in one night. After a while it gets almost mechanical, however, and even the sleepiest GI is glad he is not in the Jap bomber's place as it catches the thunderous attack of the ack-ack or the even deadlier assault of the night fighters. Occasionally the pearly moonlit sky will flush into rose color as a Jap bomber plunges in flames.

LIKE SHOOTING FISH IN A BARREL

At one South Pacific island when marines get a hankering for fish as a change of diet they go out shooting for them. Using captured Jap rifles and ammunition and an amphibious tractor instead of a rowboat, they fire into shallow water near the fish. The fish are stunned by the concussion and then scooped in.



THE SHOOTING FISHERMEN WAIT TO CATCH SIGHT OF A FISH AND THEN FIRE INTO THE WATER.

MARINE PVT. HAROLD D. PHILLIPS WADES BACK TO THE TRACTOR CARRYING A STUNNED FISH.

PFC. WILLIAM C. COKER (LEFT) AND PLATOON SGT. WYATT JOHNSON GETTING UP A FISH FRY.

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JUNGLE OFFICE. Cpl. Ozzie St. George, correspondent, and Sgt. Dick Hanley, photographer for YANK, set up quarters for The Army Weekly. It lacks some conveniences, but it's on the spot.

Raiding the Marshalls Was Plenty Tough But Talking About It Was Tougher

By Sgt. HOBERT SKIDMORE
YANK Field Correspondent

A CENTRAL PACIFIC BASE—They brought *Sexy Sue II* down on the mat here, even though the cats were just putting on the finishing touches and the mat wasn't designed for B-24s in the first place. They brought her down with the landing gear busted, the radio receiver shot, one engine out and the right wing on fire. They brought her all the way from Mili in the Marshall Islands, and they don't know how they did it.

"It took us about 2½ hours," said S/Sgt. Robert Elliott of New York City, "and all the way we were sweating her out. We thought she'd blow up any minute."

It was getting dark outside and we sat in the corner of the tent talking about it. Elliott, Cpl. Verne Bennett of Warren, Minn., and S/Sgt. Robert Smith of West Burke, Vt., leaned on the edge of the field desk. The flashlight was turned up toward the top of the pyramidal. We couldn't see much of each other but we could talk. They wanted to smoke and talk and make sure they were still alive.

The overcast had been about 100 percent over their primary objective, and they went on to Mili to dump their stuff. "We got a good stick right across the place," said Smith, a thin, good-looking nose gunner. "They hopped us just after that."

"They came in so fast we couldn't count them," said Bennett, the right waist gunner. "There were more than five Jap fighters, of at least three types." The white bandage around his head looked large in the quick flare of a match as he lit a cigarette. "My granddad went through the Civil War and only got a scratch on his head," he grinned. "Maybe I've got my quota."

Elliott walked around, looking out of the tent at the high stars. The wind was blowing up and the fronds rattled outside. A bunch of natives went up the path and past two chaplains who were talking earnestly in the faint light. Elliott looked at the chaplains and turned back to us.

"That Jap ran a seam right down the top of our ship," he said. "You wouldn't think anybody could live. We were just plain lucky."

"He came in too high for me," Smith said, scratching at the edge of the desk. "I couldn't do anything. What time is it?"

I told him, and he said he figured he would get some sleep before Bedcheck Charlie came around with the late moon.

"Cinafrani did a swell job," Bennett said. T/Sgt. Salvadore Cinafrani of Philadelphia, Pa., had been wounded in the foot during the Jap fighter attack, but he kept working all the way in, salvoing the gas tanks in the bomb bays, throwing everything he could overboard to lighten the ship.

Smith wanted to know whether there was a foxhole near the tent we'd fixed up for them over by the taro patch; there was. We walked outside. A couple of GIs were splashing along in the mud, going over to relieve the beach guard. We stopped by the water tank and drank some warm water out of a C-ration can.

Smith and Bennett looked up at the sky and kept talking about little things, about the way the ack-ack had sounded on the fuselage, about the way the plane had scooted across the field and against the bushes when the pilot set her down. But they didn't talk about the thing they were thinking about.

One of the chaplains came over. He's with the outfit that put the mat down in record time, working beneath the heavy 81s and with snipers still in the trees. He held a six-volt lantern in his hand and it threw some light up on his thick new beard. "We'll have the funeral at nine in the morning," he told them.

"He was a swell guy," Elliott said, and they went inside the tent to talk about the gunner they had lost.

This Week's Cover

AMERICAN infantrymen of the Fifth Army take things easy while waiting to board the ships that carried them to a point south of Rome for the Allied surprise landings, made with little opposition. Some of the men are doing more than just resting: they're getting in a quick bite before the fight.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. George Aarons. 5—U. S. Marine Corps. 6—Upper left, YANK Down Under; upper right, Signal Corps; lower right, T/Sgt. C. H. Foley. 7—Signal Corps, PCD. 8 & 9—T/Sgt. Foley. 18—Upper left, PRO, Camp Beale, Calif.; upper right, Sgt. Pat Sanford, PRO, Bolling Field, D. C.; lower left, 20th Armored Division, Camp Campbell, Ky.; lower right, USMC. 19—Top center, Fort Screven, Ga.; upper left, Cpl. Peter Venson, Kearney AAF, Nebr.; upper center & right, Acme; lower left, Tinker AAF, Okla. 20—20th Century Fox. 21—Upper right, Columbia Pictures; lower left, Steve Hanagan; lower right, Bruno of Hollywood. 23—Upper, PA; lower, INP.

Fortress Bombardier Near Sardinia Has To Adopt a New Mode of Speech

SARDINIA—The parties involved don't want their names published, but the story concerns the crew of a B-17, serviced here, and the reason the bombardier had to think up a new way of announcing that he had released his bombs.

"Bombs away—let's get the hell out of here." That's what he used to shout. Now he yells: "Bombs away—we've finished our job for Uncle Sam; let's go to work for the wife and kids."

It seems that on one mission, a new tail gunner heard the old cry, "Bombs away—let's get the hell out of here," over the interphone just as a piece of flak ripped through the plane.

The tail gunner didn't stop to ask any questions.

He just bailed out. —YANK Staff Correspondent

Marines at Cape Gloucester Seize Jap Truck Intact and Put It to Work

CAPE GLOUCESTER, NEW BRITAIN—Moving up the coast road in advance of their unit a couple of days after the Marine landing, Cpl. E. H. Powell of Bagdad, Fla., and Gunnery Sgt. Kirk Karlton of Arcadia, Fla., came across a deserted Jap truck.

Stopping to look it over, they noticed a strange lack of bullet holes. They started tinkering with the vehicle and found that its engine was quite sound. Apart from some minor trouble with the switch—its "on" and "off" were in Japanese—they had little difficulty in getting the truck started. It even had some gas in it.

The engine, Sgt. Karlton thinks, is some kind of bastard General Motors job. The truck's an ugly brown. The marines are using it, and—so far at least—no other marine has taken a shot at them.

—Cpl. OZZIE ST. GEORGE
YANK Staff Correspondent

This Far-Sighted Yank in Tunis Has His Plans for Post-War World

TUNIS—Pfc. James Kikoyne of Deerfield, Ill., is one soldier who is taking care of his post-war employment problems right now.

Here's the notice he tacked up on the Red Cross bulletin board in Tunis:

"Fellows—I have a fine set of pictures attached. Would you like a set?

"Well, after the war I plan to make up sets like these, plus six other shots that cannot be sent home at present because of censorship. The total cost of the 16 shots is only $1.25, sent to your home COD.

"All you have to do is print your name and home address on the attached sheets, and I'll make the pictures up and mail them to all who have signed up."

Kikoyne already has more than 30 customers who have signed the sheets, including one colonel. His pictures must be pretty good; someone has stolen all the samples. —YANK Staff Correspondent

MEETING THE WIFE. Cpl. James P. Cassidy had been in Australia for 19 months when his wife Kay showed up fit as a fiddle and with her civilian clothes changed for the uniform of an Army nurse. It took some fine searching, but she found him.

MEETING THE HUSBAND. 1st Lt. Claude G. Waters came to Algiers from his station with the AAF in Cairo to see his wife, Wac Pvt. Mary B. Waters, for the first time in over a year. It was a 10-day duty assignment but just as good as a vacation.

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BARRACUDAS

THE FIRST OUTFIT OF NEGRO MARINES IS ITCHING FOR ACTION.

By Sgt. ROBERT RYAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

A PACIFIC PORT—The Negro construction crew pushed on, cutting a road through Alabama's rural region that day last February. Howard Kimble of Gadsden, Ala., scrambled up a hill to set an explosive charge. Then, with the crew removed to a safe distance, Kimble blew the hill to smithereens.

"Working with TNT every day," said Kimble, "made me think I had my own private little war with Mother Nature, helping to push roads through tough spots. When I heard about the new outfit the Marines were forming, I decided to join up and help them push some roads through to Tokyo."

Now Kimble is a corporal in the Barracuda Leathernecks, the something new that has been added to the Marine Corps. The men in this Negro outfit, commanded by white officers and trained by veteran white noncoms, know the traditions of the Marine Corps from Tripoli to Tarawa. They aim to add their own chapter to the annals of the Corps.

And Lt. James T. Wilson of Jacksonville, Fla., one of the Barracuda officers, is confident of the results. "In the short time they've been in the service," he said, "these men have been trained as thoroughly in combat principles as any outfit. They're damned good jungle fighters. We've taken them on tactical problems in the jungle, and they've shown that they are bushmasters when it comes to camouflage, stealth and patience. They can lie in wait for hours without getting restless. That is their outstanding combat efficiency and one that will stand them in good stead if they should meet the Jap jungle fighter."

Gunnery Sgt. Felix Daniels, veteran of six years in Marines, conducts a class in nomenclature of the M1.

The average Barracuda Leatherneck is 19 years old, weighs 155 pounds and is 5 feet 10 inches tall. He is tough, too, usually with a couple of years behind him at some job that has given him broad shoulders and a solid physique.

Take Charley Nesbitt, for example. He was light heavyweight champion in the Golden Gloves tournament held at Memphis, Tenn., his home town, in 1941 and 1942. Between bouts, Nesbitt made his living as an electric welder. So he had a head start when he volunteered for the Marines last June. Now he's in even better shape, and acts and talks like the marine he is.

"I liked the glory behind the Marine Corps," said Nesbitt. "They've tackled some tough assignments and put them across. I thought I'd like to fight the Japs, and this is the best outfit to do it in. This service training is a lot more rugged than my ring experience, but we're certainly in great shape now, and when we go into action, watch some Jap blood flow."

Frederick E. Gartrille was driving a truck around Detroit, Mich., when he saw a pal passing on the sidewalk and screeched to a stop. "He told me about some of our boys joining the Marines," Gartrille said. "I thought, since it was a new outfit, I'd like to be a part of it, so the next day I quit my job and enlisted." Gartrille is now a platoon sergeant and helped train the boys who joined up later.

"Every phase of training interested me," Fred said, "and I'd like to put some of it to use in the real McCoy against the Japs."

But not all the Barracuda Leathernecks were construction crewmen, prize fighters or truck drivers. Pierre A. Clarke of Chicago, Ill., was an accomplished violinist, majoring in music at the University of Chicago, when he quit last March to join the Marines. Pvt. Clarke has added 10 pounds to his sound frame since he enlisted.

The men come from many states. There's a large Southern delegation, including Pvts. Jim Grigg of Darlington, S. C.; Carl Sharperson of Orangeburg, S. C.; Joe Griffin and Roosevelt Williams of Fort Worth, Tex.; Carl Adams Jr. of Granger, Tex.; Louis A. Shelton of Memphis; David C. Moody of Bessemer, Ala.; Matthew Hall of Monroe, La., and James R. Jordan of Richmond, Va. But New York City is represented by Pvt. Herbert G. Davis, Chicago by Pvt. Andrew C. Walker, Detroit by Pvt. M. Gerald Taylor and Denver, Colo., by Pfc. Thomas C. Robinson.

A platoon of tough Barracuda Leathernecks comes to port arms during drill session on board ship.

Before they were sent overseas, these men and all the other Barracuda Leathernecks were given boot training at Mountford Point Camp, Camp Lejeune, New River, N. C.

They were taught the basic principles of attack and defense, with special emphasis on the bayonet, the knife, street fighting, jujitsu and dirty wrestling, so they'll be able to come out on top in the toughest kind of personal combat.

Then Gunnery Sgt. Felix Daniels of Fayette City, Pa., a white marine with six years of service, gave the Barracudas the lowdown on the care and firing of combat weapons. "These men grasp instruction readily and rapidly," Daniels said. "Their work is conspicuously outstanding."

As for close-order drill, 1st Sgt. Olin V. Carey of Wilmar, Ark., a white marine with 10 years in the Corps, said: "There's only one outfit I can think of that shapes up better at drilling than this outfit, and they were a picked group on exhibition at the World's Fair." The Barracuda Leathernecks are particularly hot on fancy drill steps involving timing and rhythm.

Lt. Wilson is all for giving the men Good Conduct ribbons without waiting for the usual three years. Here's the way he put it: "These men have exhibited the best of conduct. The shore patrol has commended the men on their deportment every place we've been. All our boys are thoroughly disciplined."

It's this discipline, coupled with the fine physical condition and training of the Barracuda Leathernecks, that enables the men to do 22 miles in a little better than four hours, said the lieutenant. "If we wanted to take the governor off and let them go all out, I'm sure they could break any existing records for forced marches. I've seen some of the best outfits and they can stop them cold."

One of these days, the Japs may have some additional testimony to give on that subject.

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AIR FORCE MECHANICS

When they have to work without spare parts and equipment near the front, service squadron men like Sgt. Manley in Italy perform miracles of mechanical surgery every day.

By Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

AN ADVANCED AIR BASE, ITALY—If there were anything secret about T/Sgt. Haskell Manley, this base's "general utilities" man from Union City, Tenn., he might be called America's secret weapon.

For the one great factor the Nazis ignored in launching this war of machines, of blitzkrieg tanks and super-bombers, was that the United States is a nation of mechanics—a land where male babies teethe on Erector and Meccano sets, where every boy can run and repair an automobile before he's in his teens and can often pilot a plane before he's out of them. (He may even be a lieutenant colonel in the AAF by then.)

So it is that America's army of soldier-mechanics, armed sometimes with nothing more than bailing wire, an old two-by-four and a piece of captured equipment the enemy has discarded as junk, is forging and repairing the complicated weapons that are knocking the Nazi supermen back into their bombed beer cellars.

Take Sgt. Manley, a gangling, slow-spoken small-town boy who was one of a squadron of American mechanics that marched into this air base one drizzling night less than eight hours after the Germans had been driven out. The base was a shambles. What buildings remained standing were waist high in debris, smashed equipment and airplane parts.

The walls of the barracks in which the Americans were temporarily quartered were covered with pictures of Hitler and Axis slogans, such as the familiar Fascist "Believe, Obey, Fight." Sgt. Manley started to open a drawer to stow away some of his equipment. If he had continued to pull out the drawer this story would end right here. Some instinct stopped him. A hand grenade was wired inside to form a most efficient booby trap.

Later, in a church nearby, Sgt. Manley saw his buddy reach behind the altar for a Bible and get his hand blown off.

But Sgt. Manley and the other members of this Twelfth Air Force Command squadron were too busy at the moment to worry about the casualties or to watch the artillery flashes a few miles away or even to pay much attention to the subsequent air raids. While the Engineers were finding the mines and clearing the runways, the service crews were shoveling away the debris, patching the burst water mains and repairing the bombed wiring system.

Working by candlelight, Cpl. Ernest C. Jones of Everton, Mo., and Cpl. Bennett C. Hardin, Tolu, Ky., salvaged an Italian generator and spliced wires until the lights were on again. Meantime, accompanied by six Italian laborers, Sgt. Manley became too ambitious in his efforts to fix the sabotaged mains and fell into a water hole where the water was above his head.

There was a lot of cussing that night but—in a matter not of weeks or days, but of hours—this air base was established as an operational station, affording great tactical advantage in the pushing forward of Allied air mastery over enemy territory. And soon, not far away, the first U. S. air-depot group on the Continent was functioning—supplying any of hundreds of vital plane parts and doing the involved first-echelon repair work usually performed far behind the lines.

In Italy, Corsica, Sardinia and Africa the combat flyers are the first to tell you that their successes to date should be credited in large part to the uncomplaining labor and the miracles of mechanical ingenuity being wrought daily by the enlisted men of the ground and service crews—the grease monkeys who probably got their first experience tinkering with the old Model-T on the farm back home.

There is the case of T/Sgt. Joseph I. Disney, 30, for six years an automobile mechanic in Gray, Ky. He recently got the Legion of Merit from the Fifteenth Air Force for "outstanding services in designing and building original devices to increase the efficiency and firepower of the B-26 Marauder and simplify the maintenance of guns and turrets."

When a tail gunner complained that ammunition belts were jamming his guns because wind resistance of the slipstream stuck them in the chutes, Disney installed a tin plate as a tiny inverted windshield beneath the tail in front of the chute vent. Later Disney put in another booster motor at the end of the long winding ammunition belt leading to the tail guns, after the gunner had discovered that the existing motors were not adequate. When operation of the gun takes up the slack in the belt, the additional motor is turned on automatically, through a connection with a spring arrangement in the final roller before the belt enters the gun.

He also designed a collapsible bore-sight stand and a bore-sight reflector for turret guns. By increasing the width of a hinge guiding the ammunition, he prevented the shell rims from catching when they slipped over the top of the narrow hinges. His citation reads: "His method of ammunition feed eliminates frequent malfunctions in the tail turret and greatly increases its effectiveness in combat."

THOUGH Legion of Merit awards for ground and service crewmen are few and far between, examples of their resourcefulness in the field are not. One service squadron laid out and constructed an airfield in 24 hours in a cultivated field of wheat. Another unloaded all the gasoline and bombs from a train of freight cars overnight —with one 2½-ton truck. (They used some discarded railroad track to roll the stuff onto a siding.)

Then there was the squadron that was faced with the problem of packing parachutes without any equipment to work with. Regulations require that the chutes be inspected every 10 days, and in a tropical climate they must be repacked once a month. Often they come to the riggers damp and bullet-torn, sometimes bloody.

First the squadron built a home-made but serviceable, washing machine. Then it rigged up a drying tower from a spare "hangar nose," the covering used by ground crews when they wo on plane engines outside the hangar. To re rents in the huge silk chutes, they scouted a for the proper needles and finally found a

Trying out a new litter undercarriage that ground crewmen made from a design by Lt. Col. Jay J. Palmer. Left is T/Sgt. Joseph R. Bowers and right is Col. Palmer carrying the "patient," S/Sgt. Raymond Symmes.

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Sewing machine outfit in a Sardinia village.

The toughest problem still had to be solved. The packing itself had to be done on a perfectly smooth table, 40 feet long. There was no wood available.

The service men soaked ordinary latrine screen in gasoline to remove the waterproofing, then attached the screen to a number of iron fence posts used for table legs. Soon they had welded a screen table together with bailing wire, operating the welder with a salvaged French airplane generator. Then they brushed the screen with the kind of dope used on airplane fabric and polished it until it glistened.

Before long S/Sgt. Amos A. Owen, a farm boy from Okmulgee, Okla., and other crewmen were packing from 8 to 10 chutes a day on the improvised table.

In another emergency, this same squadron attached a two-by-four to the front of a jeep and, by a method that might as well go down as a military secret since it defies description, straightened a bent propeller. This is not a recommended procedure, since the slightest variation in a delicately balanced prop will cause terrific vibration.

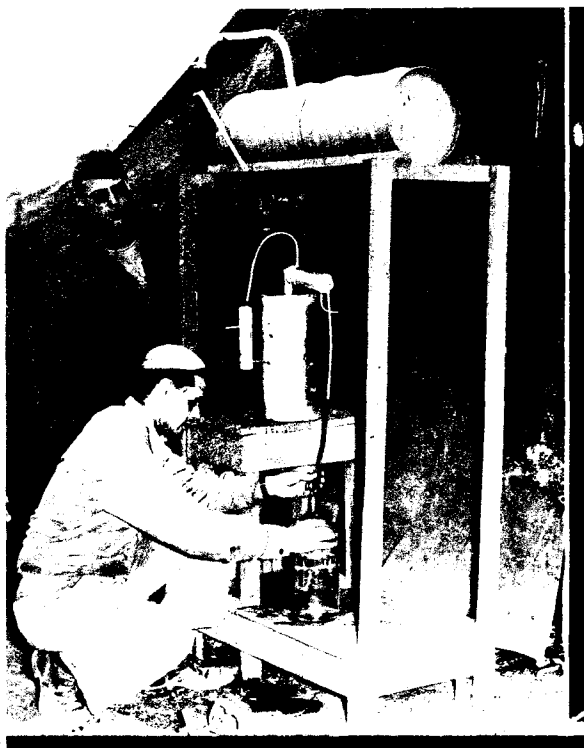
SERVICE squadrons have a time limit, often hours or minutes rather than days, to get a damaged plane back into the air. Recently T/Sgt. Marvin Borneman of Plano, Ill.; T/Sgt. Frank Richards of Memphis, Tenn., and S/Sgt. Theodore Smith, formerly a blacksmith of Fisher, Ill., were assigned to some heavy welding work on a flak-riddled plane. They had an arc welder, a regular Lincoln model, but no generator. Sgt. Borneman explained what they did:

"Well, we couldn't get 220 three-phase current, so we took the motor off a hydraulic stand and transferred the case from a jeep. Then we hooked them up with universal joints to run the welder."

By such expedients are battles won.

When it can't wait for equipment replacements from the States, and when ingenuity fails, a service squadron must sometimes resort to what is politely called "moonlight requisitioning." More planes are flying as an indirect result of someone's "moonlight requisitioning" than the War Department would probably care to admit.

That's probably how a certain squadron in Sardinia lost the GI still it was issued for distilling battery water. Anyhow the much-needed still disappeared. S/Sgt. Charles Lewis, who used to operate a moving-picture projector in Livingstont, Mont., drew up blueprints for an improvised still, and T/Sgt. Robert J. Simpkins of Dana, Ill., welded oil drums together to hold the water. Instead of the old GI kerosene heater that often got plugged up, they used a 1,250-watt electric heating unit from an airplane's oil-reservoir tank.



S/Sgt. Charles Lewis (rear) and T/Sgt. Robert J. Simpkins with a still they made for a squadron in Sardinia for distilling battery water. They used oil drums and a plane heating unit.

S Sgt. Amos A. Owen packing a parachute on a table that service men had made out of latrine screen, which they attached to iron fence posts and welded, brushed and polished.

Cpl. Ernest C. Jones and Cpl. Bennett C. Hardin with an Italian generator they salvaged, working by candlelight, when the Americans occupied a town evacuated only eight hours before by the Germans. Other service men were repairing damaged water mains and repairing the wiring system.

The first improvised still they made wouldn't work. Too much coil. But the second, powered by the water pump of a plane, turns out seven or eight gallons of distilled water a day—better than the GI still can do.

Ground and service crews in Italy are used to working under falling flak and strafing. Recently a crew headed by T/Sgt. Peter J. Cerasaro of Kingston, N. Y., replaced the wings of a damaged fighter plane while under fire. "We kept one man on the look-out for German planes," said Sgt. Cerasaro. "We were forced to duck for cover several times and once we were strafed."

The boys have a sentimental spot in their hearts for "hangar queens"—battle-broken planes whose parts are used to repair other planes. They tell of one crippled airplane whose parts enabled 17 less seriously damaged planes to keep flying.

One thing that tends to keep up the good spirits of the ground and service crews almost as much as the hot showers they improvise and the good food they get is that they know the importance of the work they are doing. They are most anxious to see the establishment of heavy bomber fields this close to Berlin, even though that means more work for them. Normally a heavy-bomber group requires something like 50,000 gallons of fuel a week, from 500 to 1,000 tons of bombs, 500,000 rounds of ammunition, countless spare parts and maintenance equipment and at least 1,500 men for air and ground crews.

To get back to Sgt. Manley, who started out to be the main character of this piece, the 36-year-old mechanic from Union City, Tenn., has spent the past few weeks salvaging Italian and German equipment—everything from lathes to potato peelers. His latest invention is an air compressor, made from the tank of a wrecked streetcar and a Fiat automobile engine, which furnishes air to all the shops and automatically maintains an even 100-pound pressure all the time.

Sgt. Manley has a sideline. Back in Africa he gained a minor notoriety by putting a stainless steel crown on an Arab's tooth. A dentist in La Senia marveled and declared that he couldn't have done better himself. Then the other day the sergeant took a piece of airplane fuselage and made a shoulder brace for an Italian lad whose arm had been shattered by bomb fragments.

Lt. Col. Jay J. Palmer, of the Medical Corps by way of Los Angeles, Calif., came into the machine shop the other day with another job that is a little out of an airplane mechanic's line. Up in the mountainous approaches to Rome, where Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark's men have been scaling narrow mountain paths to get at the enemy, the Medical Corps has been having difficulties bringing casualties back to safety.

The large regulation Army litter, with an undercarriage weighing 60 pounds and as wide as the frame of a jeep, has proved too heavy and cumbersome for the narrow footpaths. It takes four men 24 hours to get one man out, and then the four must rest another 24 hours—a disastrous waste of manpower.

So T/Sgt. Joseph R. Bowers of New Orleans, La., and Sgt. Manley went to work on a new litter undercarriage of Lt. Col. Palmer's design. The new undercarriage is retractable, so that the Medical Corps men can push the casualty down to the ground for quick cover. A simple, one-wheel affair weighing only 15 pounds, the new undercarriage promises to save many men needing immediate medical attention—a small enough gift of the Air Force ground crews to the Infantry, those other ground men who need it for the toughest fighting of all.

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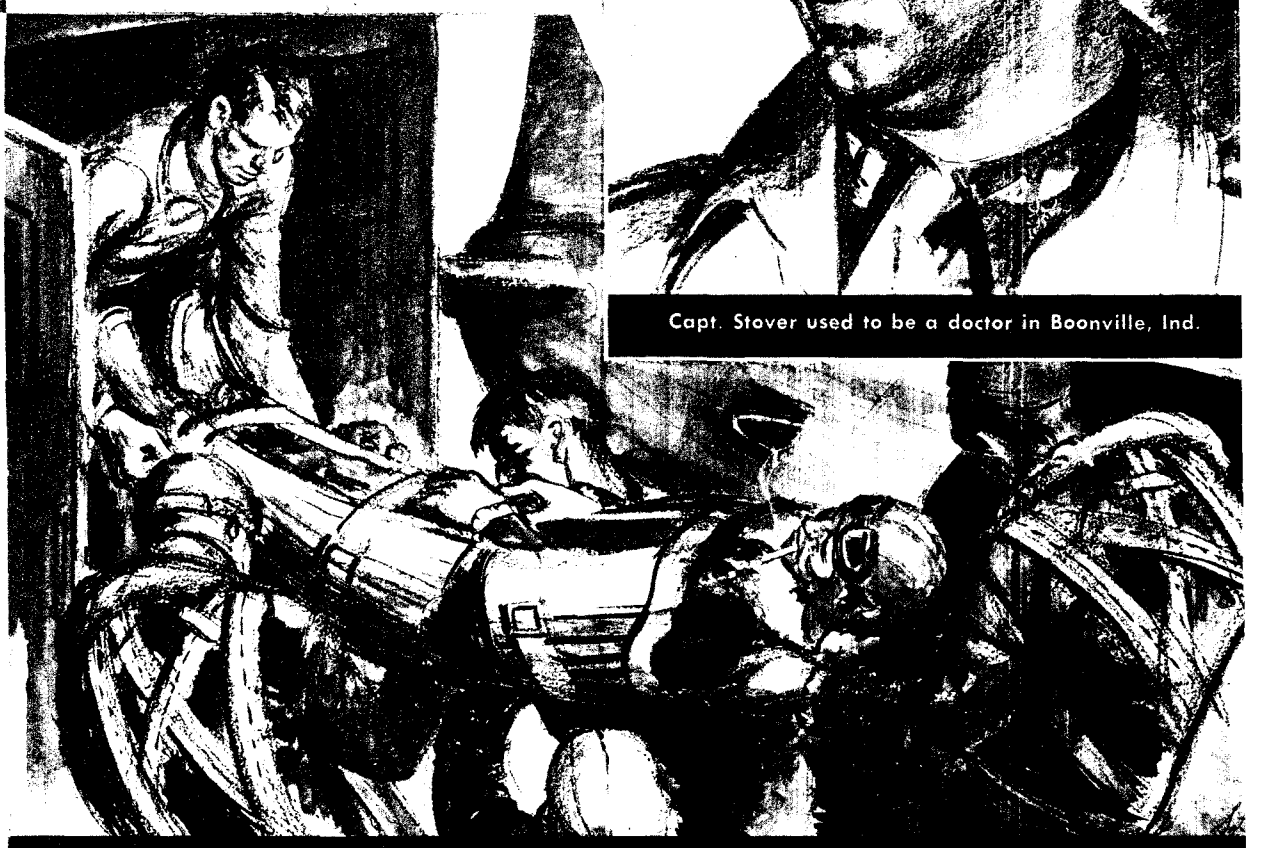
FLIGHT SURGEON

Capt. Stover used to be a doctor in Boonville, Ind.



The waist gun had to be removed before he and the other two could be taken out through the window.

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

ENGLAND—The nearest thing in the Army Air Forces to a family doctor is the squadron flight surgeon.

At this heavy-bomber base he is "Smoky"—Capt. Wendell C. Stover of Boonville, Ind., who is a part of his group and squadron, like all flight surgeons. He was with us all through the training period in the States, and got to know us all by our first names.

Back in the States there were times when Smoky seemed to have a callous disregard of the men's minor ailments—hangovers, a touch of fever after shots, and assorted rashes and bruises such as GIs are always getting. There was often a great deal of griping about Smoky. The story went around that you'd have to be pretty near dead before he'd ground you. A young bombardier from Chicago told this one:

"There was a guy who got in to see Smoky and whispered to him, 'Doc, I've lost both legs.'

" 'Shhh—quiet, man!' whispered Smoky, looking around carefully, 'they might ground you'."

This is a slander, of course. Smoky wouldn't ground you—not unless your fever was around 101 and moving up. And looking back on the whole matter of training, you're glad that Smoky didn't ground men too easily. This husky, informal flight surgeon, who seemed so casual about your ailments, must have known what was coming. He must have known you'd soon be in combat, and the Army couldn't afford to pamper you, for your sake as well as its own.

Smoky's own baptism of fire came soon after he landed in England. On a raid over Paris, Lt. Biddick's crew caught merry hell and came back with three men wounded. Radio Operator "Fearless Joe" Eigen had called in, and the red flare went up before the landing. The plane swerved on the runway—it had a flat tire—and came to a stop. Capt. Stover and Capt. Emory C. Kinder of Kingstree, S. C., flight surgeon of another squadron, came aboard and moved through the shell-strewn waist to the radio room.

Vickers and Schellin were wounded, but the most seriously hurt was Stireman. He had managed to drag himself from the tail to the waist on a splintered leg, the result of a 20-mm exploding in the tail. He was spilling blood from a main artery and needed attention in a hurry. The bleeding was stopped, the leg put into a splint. Then the waist gun had to be removed before he and the other two injured men could be taken out on litters through the window.

Stireman was carried to the dispensary, given plasma, about three quarts of it, and sewn up. Several times he opened his eyes and smiled at the captain. He knew Smoky. It's good to be in familiar hands when you're hurt that bad.

AT the age of 30, Wendell Stover was the youngest of seven doctors serving the 5,000 citizens of Boonville, "down in the southern part of Indiana across the river from Kentucky."

He wasn't many years out of Indiana University's medical school in Indianapolis. He had married at college (his wife was a music student at DePauw) and there were two youngsters.

There was nothing baffling or exciting about his cases—the flu, a broken leg, appendicitis or a confinement. To his job, young Dr. Stover brought competence, a good rough sense of humor and an easy ability to get along with his patients—particularly the coal miners, who were given to pretty straight talk. He brought no frills, because his patients were plain people who needed to get back on their feet as soon as possible in order to get by. As for his future, "you could stay on for a long time in Boonville—until they'd get to know you as old Doc Stover down the street."

Then came the war. Like many another man, Smoky "picked the Air Force." At 33, he is a key figure in a combat outfit—not a member of a medical unit attached to a group of fighting men, but a member of the squadron.

Like all flight surgeons, he is a picked man. He had to be a full-fledged medical man; he had to be under 35 and pass the Air Corps "64" exam, or flight physical; he had to put in at least 50 hours' flying time and go through a three-month course at the School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Field, Tex.

Capt. Stover's faculty of getting close to the flyers is something brought over from his days in Boonville when a coal miner would say, "How long will this busted leg keep me out of work, doc?" Now it's a wounded gunner who says, "How long will this busted leg keep me out, captain? Hell, I could heal up pretty quick if they sent me back to the States."

"The States? Sure, we'll fix it up first thing in the morning."

"For about Easter sometime?"

"Sure thing, Ed, for about Easter."

A perennial gag like this is part of the business. The flight surgeon has to be more than a good or even an exceptionally competent doctor; he has to be very much of a man. With gunners and pilots full of temperament, with "operational fatigue" and plain jitters to be spotted in time, the job of flight surgeon requires a talent for sizing up personnel.

It takes exactly the sense of humor and the almost nerveless, nonchalant way that Capt. Stover has of talking to a man, sick and lonely as only a wounded soldier can be, to really qualify as a flight surgeon. Nerveless and quiet and without any alarm in his poker face, but talking to you in a soft voice, the captain bends over and says, "All right, Joe, we'll have you out of here in a minute." And Joe grins.

In the hospital, too, the first doctor the wounded men want to see is the flight surgeon. They can talk to him more easily than to the hospital staff doctors. They tax the captain with little errands and requests. "When you get back to the squadron, would you mind asking Gus to bring over my letter-writing folder as soon as he can? Thanks, captain. And listen, captain, apart from this leg accident, I got an old shoulder injury I wanna ask you about sometime. Another thing, I was just thinking if I should tell them about this little accident of mine at home, or wait a little while. Whadaya think?"

"That depends," says the captain. "Somebody sick at home? If it was your mother and if it would be any shock to her—"

"Well, I guess I'll wait a little while. Then I'll be able to say I was hurt some time ago and am on my way out now. How's that? Smart, eh?" And the patient, still full of dope, falls off to sleep, and Smoky moves down the aisle.

AT a squadron party recently, Smoky drank his beer quietly. Pretty soon he was in the midst of a big crowd of enlisted men. He was asked about a certain gunner fighting for life in the hospital, and the captain said: "You know Les. You know how he talks. He said to me, 'I think they got the Greek this time'."

The captain had another beer. Plainly his mind was moving back over the whole year. It was a long time in war. He was seeing all the fresh young men whom he had known ever since training days in Utah. He had seen them grow into combat, "missing in action" and DFCs. Now some of the old faces were gone, and there were other young men. That was war. For a long time now he had been around gunners, pilots and Flying Fortresses. Maybe in another year he'd be home in Boonville, taking up where he left off.

"—until they'd get to know you as old Doc Stover down the street."

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How to Vote in the STATE Elections

GIs from Illinois, Nebraska, Pennsylvania and Louisiana can cast ballots in April.

By YANK Washington Bureau

As this issue of YANK goes to press, Congress has not yet decided what system of absentee voting will be used by men and women of the armed forces in the coming presidential election. The Senate and the House of Representatives are divided into two schools of thought on the matter: those who favor a uniform Federal ballot for everybody, distributed and collected by the War and Navy Departments, and those who favor state absentee ballots, sent through the mail to the individual soldier from his state election officials and returned by him by mail to his state for counting.

The debate in Congress, however, only concerns the problem of what kind of a ballot we will use in the November elections for the offices of president, vice president and U. S. senators and representatives. If we want to vote in state primaries and state elections of our governors, state legislators, county and local officials, we would not be able to use a Federal ballot anyway. The only possible way of casting a ballot in state primaries and state elections is by mail, according to the particular absentee voting regulations of our own state. This is strictly a private transaction between the soldier-voter and his state election commission. The War Department merely supplies you with a post card [*WD AGO Form 560*] which you can use either as an application for an absentee ballot or as a request for an application, if your state requires such a request. From then on, you are on your own.

We are bringing up this subject of state absentee voting now because Illinois, Nebraska and Pennsylvania are having state primaries in April. Louisiana, having already had its primaries, will hold a state election the same month. If you claim one of those four states as your home and if you want to vote in their April primaries or election, you'd better get an application for an absentee ballot in the mail as soon as possible.

Full information about the April primaries and elections is contained in *War Department Circular No. 33, 26 January 44.* When Congress and the various state legislatures pass special laws governing soldier voting in the fall elections, as they are expected to do, other informative circulars will be issued.

The main thing for a GI to remember about state absentee voting is that his state regulations probably differ from those of other states. If you are from Pennsylvania, for instance, don't follow the rules for Nebraska or Illinois.

Remember, too, that most states fix exact dates for accepting applications for ballots and other exact dates for accepting the marked ballots themselves from the voters. In all four of the states we are discussing here, the WD post cards are accepted as applications for ballots or are accepted as requests for applications. These post cards are the same as the ones that have been handed out in the Army for the last two years during various state elections, and commanding officers are supposed to have a supply of them. If you can't get one, write a letter to your Secretary of State at your state capital using the same text as that on the post card.

In state primaries, of course, you are picking candidates to represent your party in the final election. In applying for a primary ballot, therefore, you must state in the application which political party you belong to. In applying for a final election ballot, you do not state your party. The Louisiana final election in April is only a state, parish and local affair. GIs from Louisiana will get another chance in November, like everybody else, to vote for their candidates for Federal offices.

Here are specific provisions which apply to each of the four states:

Illinois Primary Election

The Illinois primary for Federal, state, and local offices will be held on 11 April 1944. GIs with an Illinois voting residence can get an "official war ballot" covering all three types of offices by mailing the WD post card to the Secretary of State, Springfield, Ill. The state will receive your application for ballots at any time before 14 March. The county officials will mail out the ballots to applicants as soon as possible after 14 March. Your executed ballot must be received back in the local election district on or before 11 April in order to be eligible to be counted.

Nebraska Primary Election

The Nebraska primary for Federal, state and local offices will also be held on 11 April 1944. GIs with a voting residence in this state can get an absentee ballot only by mailing in a special application form furnished by Nebraska. To get that form you must write a request to the Secretary of State, Lincoln, Nebr., or send in the WD post card, writing on it that you want it used as a request for the application for the state absentee ballot.

The earliest date that Nebraska will receive your official application form is 12 March, and it starts mailing out the absentee ballots on that day. However, your request for the application form should be made as soon as possible, so that you will have time to receive the application form through the mail and get it back again to Nebraska by 12 March. After you've received and marked the absentee ballot itself, you must mail it on or before 10 April and it must be received back in the local election district in Nebraska by 13 April in order to be eligible to be counted.

Pennsylvania Primary Election

Pennsylvania soldier voters can cast either one of two different kinds of ballots in the Pennsylvania primaries. They can use either "official war ballots," which in this state cover only candidates for Federal offices, or they can use the regular state absentee ballots, which cover Federal, state and local offices.

You can apply for the "official war ballots" of Pennsylvania by sending the WD post card to the Secretary of State, Harrisburg, Pa. This post card should be received in Harrisburg before 6 March, at which time the ballots will be mailed out. To be eligible to be counted, the "official war ballot" must be received back in Pennsylvania not later than 25 April.

If you prefer to use the state absentee ballot, you have to request a special application for it furnished by Pennsylvania. You can get that official application form by writing to the Secretary of State, Harrisburg, Pa., or by sending in the WD post card and writing on it that you wish it to be used as a request for an application for a state absentee ballot. You should send your request in as soon as possible, because while you can vote for more offices than on the "official war ballot," it takes one more step and consequently a longer mailing time, to receive the state absentee ballot. The state absentee ballot must be mailed by 25 April and received back in the local election district in Pennsylvania on or before 5 May.

Louisiana Election for State and Local Offices

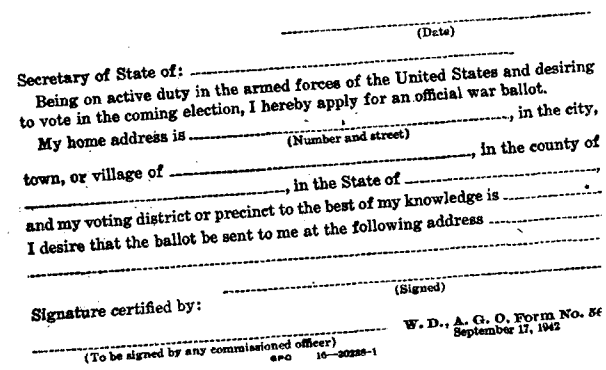
Louisiana soldiers can apply for state absentee ballots for use in the general election for state and local offices either by mailing the WD post card to the Secretary of State, Baton Rouge, La., who will accept it as application for the ballot, or by writing to the local election officials in accordance with Louisiana law. The election takes place on 18 April. Absentee ballots will be mailed out to applicants starting 18 March, so applications for them should reach Baton Rouge shortly before that date. Executed absentee ballots must be received back by the local election districts in Louisiana on or before 17 April in order to be eligible to be counted.

And here are a few more general tips covering all these four states:

You must be at least 21 years old at the date of the election to vote in any of these elections. (Georgia is the only state in the U. S. with a lower age—18).

If you have any doubts about whether you are eligible to vote or not in your state, write immediately to the Secretary of State at the state capital. Some states have special requirements which must be complied with before obtaining an absentee ballot, such as registration, payment of taxes, and the like.

Although you sent an application for an absentee ballot in to your state at some earlier election, send in another one. Even in states which do not require a new application for each ballot, it is important that you send one in so the state will have your correct mailing address.



_____ (Date)

Secretary of State of: _____

Being on active duty in the armed forces of the United States and desiring to vote in the coming election, I hereby apply for an official war ballot.

My home address is _____ (Number and street), in the city, town, or village of _____, in the county of _____, in the State of _____, and my voting district or precinct to the best of my knowledge is _____.

I desire that the ballot be sent to me at the following address _____

_____ (Signed)

Signature certified by: _____

(To be signed by any commissioned officer)

W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 56
September 17, 1942

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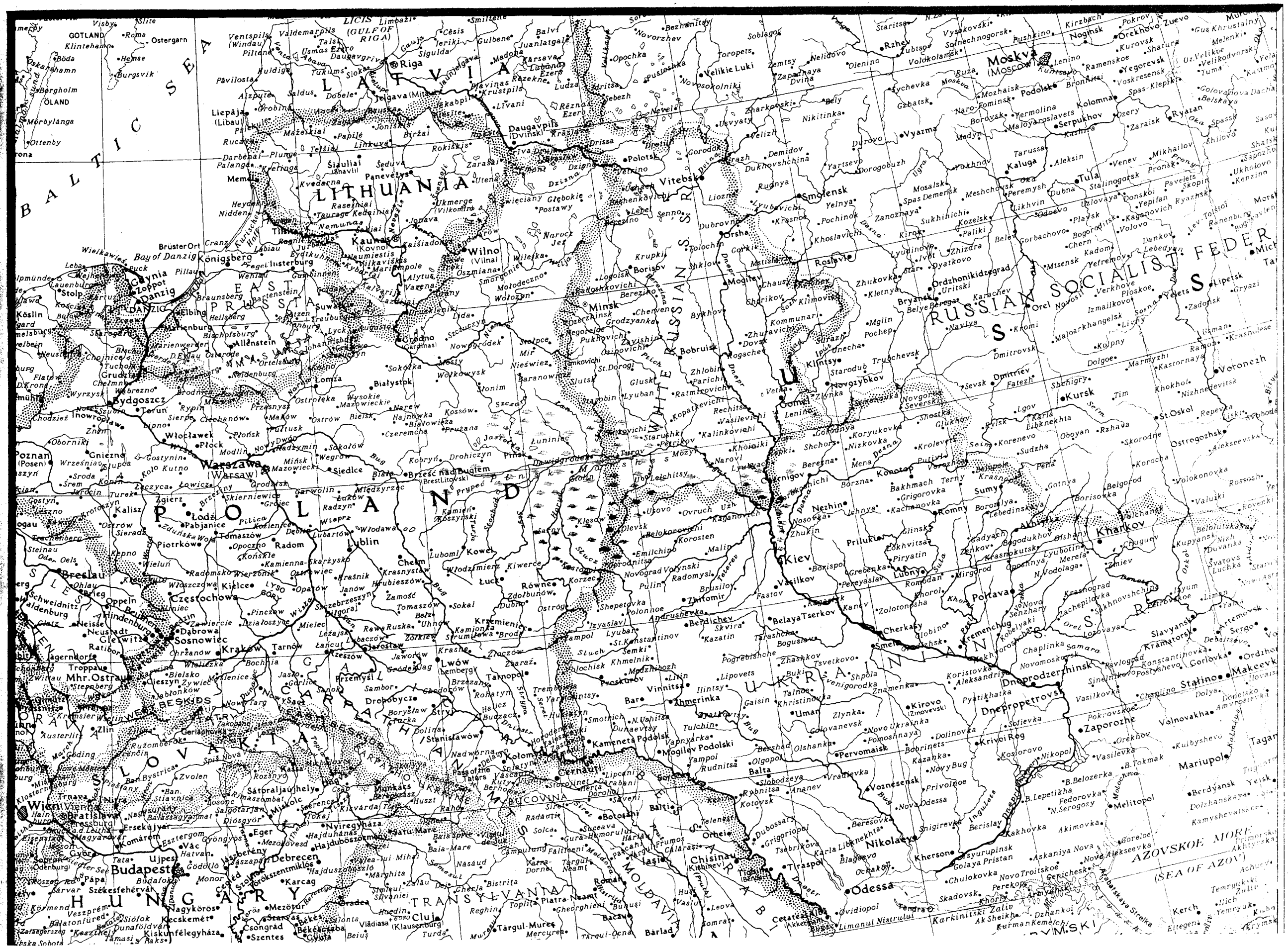
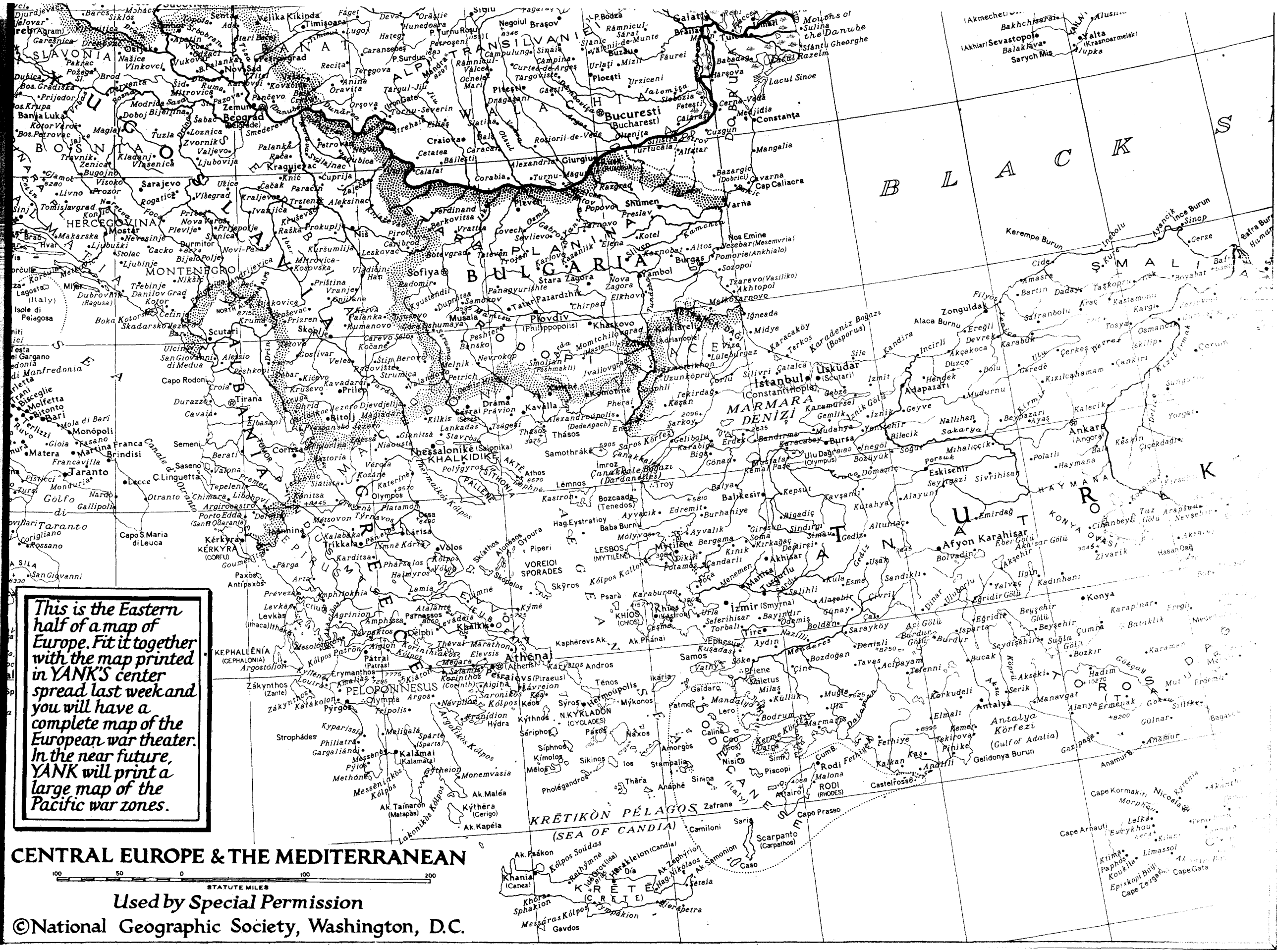

BALTIC SEA
LATVIA
LITHUANIA
EAST PRUSSIA
POLAND
SLOVAKIA
HUNGARY
RUSSIAN SOCIALIST FEDERATIVE SOVIET REPUBLIC
UKRAINIAN S.S.R.
WHITE RUSSIAN S.S.R.
MOLDAVIA
TRANSYLVANIA
BUCOVINA
AZOVSKOE MORE
(SEA OF AZOV)
Moskva (Moscow)
Riga
Kaunas
Wilno (Vilna)
Minsk
Warszawa (Warsaw)
Kiev
Kharkov
Odessa
Budapest
Wien (Vienna)
Danzig
Königsberg
Breslau
Lwów
Kraków
Chisinau
Dnepropetrovsk
Stalino
Voronezh
Kursk
Tula
Kaluga
Smolensk
Vitebsk
Polotsk
Mogilev
Gomel
Bobruisk
Pinsk
Brest Litovsk
Lublin
Łódź
Poznan
Bydgoszcz
Gdynia
Zoppot
Elbing
Marienburg
Allenstein
Tilsit
Memel
Liepāja
Daugavpils
Jelgava
Šiauliai
Panevėžys
Vilkaviškis
Mariampole
Alytus
Varena
Druskieniki
Lida
Grodno
Białystok
Ostrołęka
Mława
Płock
Włocławek
Toruń
Inowrocław
Chojnice
Tuchola
Grudziądz
Wyrzysk
Wałbrzych
Jelenia Góra
Opole
Katowice
Częstochowa
Sosnowiec
Tarnów
Przemyśl
Stanisławów
Drohobycz
Stryj
Ivano Frankovsk
Kolomyja
Cernăuti
Botoşani
Iaşi
Bălţi
Orhei
Tiraspol
Cetatea Albă
Bălţi
Cluj
Oradea
Debrecen
Miskolc
Eger
Szeged
Pécs
Kecskemét
Szombathely
Sopron
Graz
Bratislava
Nitra
Banska Bystrica
Zvolen
Ružomberok
Košice
Prešov
Humenné
Uzhgorod
Mukačevo
Sátoraljaújhely
Salgótarján
Nyíregyháza
Szolnok
Miskolc
Baia Mare
Satu Mare
Cluj
Târgu Mureş
Sibiu
Braşov
Piatra Neamţ
Bacău
Galaţi
Brăila
Constanţa
Ploieşti
Craiova
Pitesti
Bucureşti
Giurgiu
Turnu Severin
Ploieşti
Odessa
Nikolayev
Kherson
Zaporozhye
Dnepropetrovsk
Krivoi Rog
Mariupol
Berdyansk
Taganrog
Rostov
Voronezh
Kursk
Orel
Tula
Moskva
Smolensk
Vitebsk
Polotsk
Mogilev
Gomel
Bobruisk
Minsk
Pinsk
Brest Litovsk
Lublin
Łódź
Poznan
Bydgoszcz
Gdynia
Danzig
Königsberg
Breslau
Lwów
Kraków
Kiev
Kharkov
Odessa
Budapest
Wien (Vienna)


This is the Eastern half of a map of Europe. Fit it together with the map printed in YANK'S center spread last week and you will have a complete map of the European war theater. In the near future, YANK will print a large map of the Pacific war zones.
CENTRAL EUROPE & THE MEDITERRANEAN
100 50 0 100 200
STATUTE MILES
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BLACK SEA
Beograd
Bucuresti (Bucharest)
Sofiya
Athēnai (Athens)
Istanbul (Constantinople)
Ankara (Angora)
Thessalonikē (Salonika)
Tirana
Sarajevo
Zagreb
Budapest
Bari
Taranto
Brindisi
Palermo
Messina
Catania
Malta
Cyprus
Nicosia
Rhodes
Crete
Sevastopol
Yalta
Odessa
Constanta
Varna
Burgas
Izmir (Smyrna)
Konya
Antalya
Trabzon
Samsun
Zonguldak
Sinop
Cape Kormakiti
Cape Arnauti
Cape Gata
Cape Zeriga
Cape Prasso
Cape Sounion
Cape Matapan
Cape Spada
Cape Passero
Cape Bon
Cape Ras Ajdir
Cape Tenes
Cape Ivi
Cape Ghir
Cape Spartivento
Cape Carbonara
Cape Corso
Cape Ortegal
Cape Finisterre
Cape Roca
Cape Vilano
Cape Sicie
Cape Ferrat
Cape Bougaroni
Cape Matifou
Cape Blanco
Cape Verde
Cape Bojador
Cape Nun
Cape Gh

For Officers Only

Dear YANK:
Reading T/Sgt. A. L. Wheeler's letter [in a January issue of YANK] where he told about the segregation of officers and enlisted men in Colorado Springs, Colo., made me disgusted. In these days when we Americans are fighting to maintain our democratic way of living, military authorities in Colorado Springs "decree" (I've seen that word in reference to totalitarian governments in Europe) that public establishments must entertain either commissioned officers or enlisted men only. I wonder if the foxholes in Italy and the bomb shelters in the Pacific maintain the same high standard of segregation.

AAB, Harding Field, La. —M/Sgt. EDWARD G. RODDY

Dear YANK:
I got a big kick from T/Sgt. Albert L. Wheeler's letter. I'm an officer stationed here at the same post, and I happen to know the circumstances that made it imperative that such an arrangement be made for the officers and enlisted men. And T/Sgt. Wheeler knows better; he is one of the fellows that make inconveniences for everyone. The officers and enlisted men were becoming too familiar. The letter in general, though, had its good points.

AAB, Colorado Springs, Colo. —Lt. E.

Dear YANK:
My, oh my! Someone reading the letter of the good 1st Sgt. Dennis Trujillo [in *Mail Call* of a January issue of YANK] may get the impression that the well-meaning sarge is bucking for something. The only reason the average GI salutes an officer and deems he deserves a few more privileges is the fact that it is common sense, since military courtesy is the law of the Army and guardhouses don't appeal to our better sense of judgment. The average GI also thinks he is just as good if not better than his officers, but as long as they outrank us we obey—and how.

AAB, Pyote, Tex. —Pvt. B. L. ANDELMAN

Dear YANK:
While the officers are so busy telling us enlisted guys to stay away from "their" clubs and "their" restaurants and "their" theaters, what about telling them to stay the hell away from *our* places? There are many organizations which have been set up by public-spirited citizens and organizations to provide meals and entertainment and special facilities at a very nominal charge—designed, of course, for the private's pocketbook. When I was back in the States and went to those "enlisted men's" joints, it was damned difficult to find one where there were not a few officers floating around. So okay. They're so strong for this "officer and gentleman" stuff, let them practice it whole hog. Let *them* stay away for a change. What's good for the goose is good for the gander. And brother, we've been geese a long time!

Italy —Pfc. HARRY BULLACK

Dear YANK:
I suppose I should reply to 1st Sgt. Trujillo with an "Are you kidding, Mac?" but most first sergeants I've met are too utterly void of intelligence to kid. Since when do officers represent "great men" in this or any army? Many officers are former newsboys, bootblacks and elevator operators who have reached a peak they will never again attain in post-war civilian life. The good officers I have met are not childish enough to believe, as the bad ones do, that they are really "superior" to their fellow men. Nor do they want choice reserved seats. And as for good soldiers never questioning the "why and what of an officer," then I've never met a good soldier.

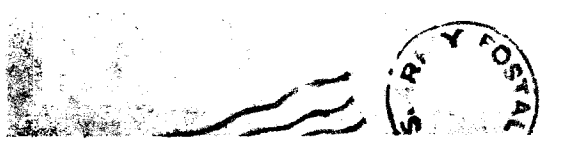
National Airport, D. C. —Pfc. LYLE STUART

Dear YANK:
Let's discuss this "democracy" stuff. Is the United States Army a democracy? Do you elect your leaders? Do you have the power to censure them? Do you have freedom of speech concerning things military? Are you tried by a jury of other soldiers? Of course not! Can you imagine an army where such things would be possible? Then let's not ask "Isn't this a democracy?" because you can't run an army that way. Your country is a democracy but your Army is not, and neither is any other army.

I am a company commander. I like some of my men exceedingly well. I would get the greatest pleasure in having a few drinks with them. But I have found, in 10 years in the regular service, that it is not possible to be a leader, a father, a disciplinarian, an example in things soldierly, unless I keep a certain distance, thus maintaining a sort of awe, a myth of superiority, let us say.

Those leaders, whom enlisted men would always have followed through thick and thin, all conform to pretty much of a pattern—friendly, able, fair to all, kind, decent of mind and speech. But there's something else—a little secret of theirs. This is the secret: they never become *intimate* with their men. An enlisted man's respect and admiration for officers would have soon vanished had the officers become familiar enough to call them "Joe." Their myth would have burst like a bubble. The hero would have lost his heroism. He would disillusion the enlisted man by descending to their level. Your good officers are not the ones who will go partying with the enlisted men. It can't be. I wish it could. Some of my boys are the best in the world.

POE —Infantry Lieutenant, Regular Army



Hill 575

Dear YANK:
In a January issue you say that Pvt. Homer Magruder of Brunswick, Mo., drove Lt. Gen. Lesley J. McNair up to the front lines in Tunisia and when the general got hit the driver carried him back to the jeep. Well, sir, how about giving the litter bearers some of the credit, too, because I saw all this happen from the time the general first came up to the front till our own litter bearers carried him back. The place were Gen. McNair got hit was on Hill 575, where we lost many of our officers and I personally lost a couple of buddies.

Ashford General Hospital, W. Va. —Pvt. JOHN R. BIGGS

YANK Alaska Correspondent

Dear YANK:
The other day I heard a pretty good saying about Alaska and us GIs up here: "Alaska, the land where the body grows older and the mind grows younger every day." Maybe that's why Georg Meyers left Ladd Field here in such a hurry and hasn't returned, eh?

Ladd Field, Alaska Pfc. R. H. FANNING Jr.

■ Sgt. Georg Meyers, YANK staff correspondent in Alaska, spent only a few days at Ladd Field because he was merely resting there between trips to the Aleutians. Sgt. Meyers has been in Alaska for five years and has represented YANK there since it started publication, June 1942. He covered the Attu campaign and the Kiska occupation.

British War

Dear YANK:
There seems to exist among a certain few people here in England the feeling that the war with Japan is strictly an American affair. It is time such nonsensical viewpoints were shaken. The Pacific war is as much a British war as it is an American war. It burns me up to have to listen to remarks like "Well, at least we needn't worry about the war with Japan . . . that's an American affair." Since the Americans do not feel that the war with Germany is strictly a British affair, it is beyond me why so many people in England think the Japanese war is an American problem only.

England —Pfc. BILL ANDRONICOS

■ The British Government has pledged its total effort against Japan when Germany is defeated. British territory lost to the Japs during this war totals 516,000 square miles, or more than 4½ times the area taken from the U.S.

"Good Field, No Hit"

Dear YANK:
I notice that you have been periodically boosting Cpl. Al Hoosman as the "No. 1 heavyweight of the AEF." I would like to say that I have seen big Al fight quite a few times, just before he went to Australia; these were usually preliminary bouts on the same card with Al Hostak, when Hostak was world's middleweight champ. In my sizing up of Hoosman, he at first appeared to be a fairly good boy—very tall and rangy, with excellent speed, a beautiful left jab and a fierce scowl. He boxes well, especially for a big man, but there is a catch. He can't hit; in fact, I don't believe he could punch his way out of a wet paper sack. Some night a good strong boy who can hit is going to give Al a rather rough going over. I would advise you not to go overboard on this boy as a future world champ.

AAB, Columbia, S. C. —Pfc. BILL ODMAN

Message Center

Men asking for letters in this column are all overseas. Write them c/o Message Center, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We'll forward your letters. The censor won't let us print the complete addresses.

B. ROBERT L. BARR: write your twin brother, Pvt. Ray K. Barr. . . . Maj. RAYMOND BARRIER, AC, once in Hq. Det., 3d Bn., 104 Inf.: see *Message 2.*** . . . Pvt. ROBERT BECK, once at Camp Kohler, Calif.: write Pvt. Herbert L. Cook. . . . 2d Lt. ALBERT BETHUNE of Jackson, Miss., at Fort Amdor, C. Z., 1941: see *Message 1.** . . . ROBERT BROWER, once in Hq. Det., 3d Bn., 104th Inf.: see *Message 2.*** . . . S/Sgt. FLOYD BROWN, once in Btry. A, 71st CA, Fort Story, Va.: write Pfc. Willie R. Wilkins.

C. Lt. GEORGE D. CAMERON, once at OCS, Fort Riley, Kans.: write S/Sgt. George Garr. . . . Sgt. MARIO (MIKE) C. CASSENILLI, once in Hq. Det., 3d Bn., 104th Inf.: see *Message 2.*** . . . Pvt. ALEX CHRZANOWSKI of Brooklyn, N. Y.: write Chris R. Scaperrotto ARM3c. . . . Lt. GEORGE COOK, AC, once in Hq. Det., 3d Bn., 104th Inf.: see *Message 2.***

D. JOHN P. (GOLD BRICK) DALY, once at Fort McDowell, Calif., last heard of recovering from broken leg in Letterman Gen. Hosp., San Francisco: write Cpl. Robert Nerdahl. . . . GERTRUDE DANIELS of Franklin, Tenn., WAC, AFC, once at Key Field, Miss.: write Sgt. Jimmy Estes. . . . Cpl. DAVID DAVIDSON, once in Africa: write 2d Lt. Marvin Schonzeit. . . . Lt. Col. JOHN W. DAVIS of Alabama, once at Rendezvous Area, Providence, R. I.: see *Message 1.** . . . RICHARD EDWARD DAVIS, S. Pacific: write Ernest G. Wells Y3c. . . . MALCOLM DEACON of Demarest, N. J.: write Pvt. Howard M. Bohlen. . . . Pvt. FREDERICK DECKER, AA, once at Fort Eustis, Va.: write Pvt. George A. Ciprich. . . . GLENN E. DECKER, known as "Capt." Omaha, Nebr.: write Pvt. Dennis E. Fetters.

H. Pvt. OLIVER HASS of Miller, S. Dak.: write Pvt. Robert Leckner. . . . Cpl. GERALD E. HASTIE and Sgt. JOHN R. HOFMAN, once at Camp Kohler, Calif., later at Drew Field, Fla.: write Sgt. M. A. Morales. . . . Pvt. JAMES HENKLE of Kansas City, Mo., in 2d Repl. Center, Oct. 1942: write Pvt. Gordon Stutesman. . . . Cpl. JAMES C. HENRY of Knoxville, Tenn., once at Eglin Field, Fla.: write Lt. A. M. Hilton. . . . Pvt. CARL and WILLIE HILL, in Co. C, 90th Inf. Tng. Bn., Camp Roberts, Calif., July 1941, later in 140th Inf.: write Cpl. Gilbert Miller. . . . Pvt. ROBERT HILL of Pennsylvania, once in Btry C, 28th CATB, Camp Wallace, Tex.: write Sgt. Clarence W. Lodge. . . . MARTIN HOPPER, once in Hq. Det., 3d Bn., 104th Inf.: see *Message 2.*** . . . KENNETH S. (COWBOY) HOUSTON, once at Jackson, Miss.: write Cpl. Charles Paul Jones. . . . A/C RICHARD HRABETIS of Cedar Rapids, Iowa: write Pvt. Charles L. Douglass.

M. Sgt. NEAL B. MCKANNA, once in Hq. & Hq. Btry., 41st FA Bn., Fort Lewis, Wash.: write Lt. George K. Phinny. . . . Pfc. JOE T. MEEK, last heard from at Camp Haan, Calif.: write Sgt. Carl E. (Rockie) Busby. . . . Pfc. C. J. MORGAN, last heard from in N. Africa: write Cpl. Fred Boyd. . . . C. J. MURPHREE S1c: write Cpl. Hugh Mortimer.

W. RICHARD WAHLGREN, last heard from at APO 937: write George A. Ford. . . . Pfc. FRANK WEIDNER, last heard from in the S. Pacific: write Pfc. Ray Hasselhoff. . . . DICK WILLIAMS, once at Camp Croft, S. C.: write Pvt. "Dick" Woodburn. . . . Pvt. ROBERT WILLIAMS of Indiana, now with AAA: write Marine Sgt. Zane E. Sprague. . . . Col. ARTHUR E. WILSON of Illinois, at Camp Stewart, Ga., 1942: see *Message 1.**

MISCELLANEOUS. ALEXANDER HAMILTON HIGH SCHOOL, Brooklyn, N. Y.—grads of 1936: write Sgt. Jack M. Launer. . . . APO 634—Anyone having information of T/Sgt. William H. Steele of Itta Bena, Miss.: write *Message Center*. . . . APO 634—Anyone who knew S/Sgt. Charles L. Budzius, reported missing in action: write his brother, S/Sgt. George P. Budzius. . . . 66th COAST ARTILLERY—Boys in Btry. B, AA, 1939-'41: write Sgt. Charles M. Weber. . . . COLLEGE OF CITY OF NEW YORK—Class of '41 and '42: write Cpl. Leon Cohen. . . . QUARTERMASTER—Boys in 96th Bakery Bn.: write Pfc. Clarence La Clair.

**Message 1:* Write Lt. C. R. Posey.
***Message 2:* Write Capt. Richard L. Harrison.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE

These men want to trade shoulder patches:

Cpl. Layden H. Wilson, Hq. & Hq. Btry., 76th Div. Arty., Camp McCoy, Wis.
Pfc. Paul S. Campbell, Btry. A, 223d AAA S/L Bn., Camp Edwards, Mass.
Pvt. Harry Hewitt, Co. C, 742d Tank Bn. (L), Camp Polk, La.
Cpl. R. M. Soldofsky, Hq. Serv., 85th Inf. Regt., Camp Hale, Colo.
1st Lt. W. S. Barthrop, 781st AAA (AW) Bn., Camp Haan, Calif.
T/Sgt. Charles E. Wells, Hq. Btry., 35th Div. Arty., Camp Butner, N. Carolina.

A mimeographed list of all those wanting to exchange shoulder patches will be sent to soldiers upon request. We haven't enough space to list everyone's name each week.

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Two on an Island

Soldiers are always picking gals with whom they'd like most to be stranded on a desert island. Using reverse English, we put the question to seven gals with orchestras featured on the "Spotlight Bands" broadcasts, and since they were all canaries, we asked it this way:

"What serviceman would you most like to be stranded on a desert island with and, if you could hold him off long enough, what song would you sing to him?"

BETTY BREWER, with Tommy Dorsey's orchestra at the AAF Redistribution Station No. 1, Atlantic City, N. J.: "Desert island? Pvt. Thomas Mitchell of Scott Field, Ill., would be the man. I think I'd like to sing 'My First Love' to him."

DOROTHY CLAIRE, with Sonny Dunham's orchestra at the Naval Air Station, Norman, Okla.: "Gee, I haven't seen him in a year. He's a marine—Sgt. Charles Wilson from Parris Island, S. C. 'Exactly Like You' would be the song I'd sing."

THELMA CARPENTER, with Count Basie's orchestra at Fort Adams, R. I.: "That's a cute question. Top man with me for that island date is a sergeant, Marcellus J. McDowell. He's overseas now. I'd sing my favorite, 'Embraceable You.' "

IRENE DAYE, with Charlie Spivak's orchestra at the Pennsylvania Hotel, N. Y. City: "Why, he's right over at that table with some of his buddies. His name is Lloyd Miles and he's a sergeant in the Air Corps. 'My Heart Tells Me' is our song."

BETTY MARTIN, with Bob Strong's orchestra at the Sedalia Army Air Field, Mo.: "Do you mind the Navy? He's out at sea now, and his name is Alan Conwell—Ensign Conwell. Maybe he could find that island and I'd sing 'Shoo-Shoo Baby.' "

LIZ TILTON, with Jan Garber's orchestra at West Point, N. Y.: "I'm so excited! He just got back after 19 months overseas. He's T-5 Bruce Huffine, at Schick General Hospital in Iowa. The song would be 'People Will Say We're In Love.' "

GERALDINE DUBOISE, with Ted Lewis' orchestra at the Army Flight School in Merced, Calif.: "Is it all right? He's an officer—Lt. D. J. Tucker. I call him Buddy, and he's at an airfield in Independence, Kans. My song? 'My Ideal.' "

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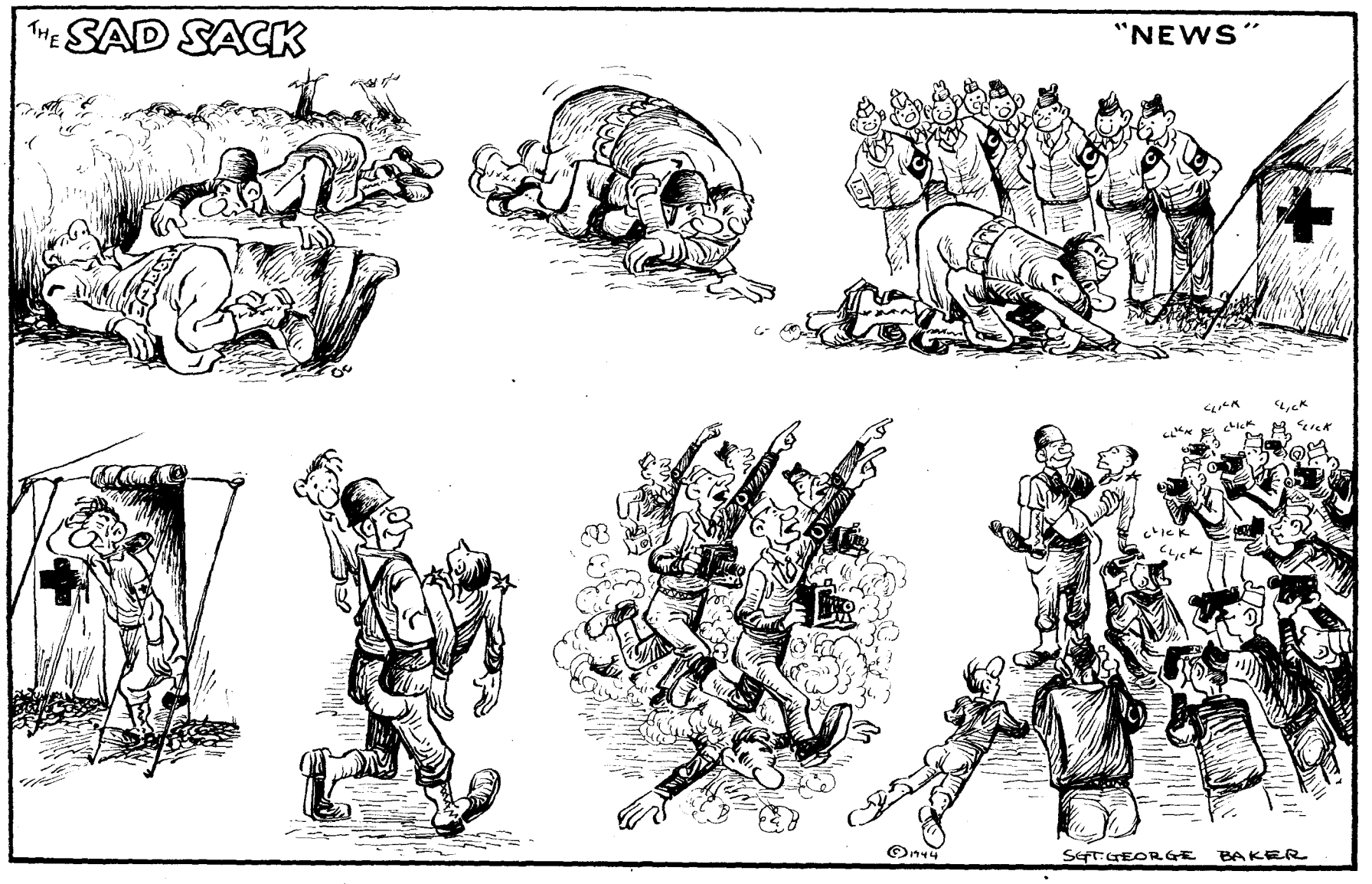


What's Your Problem?

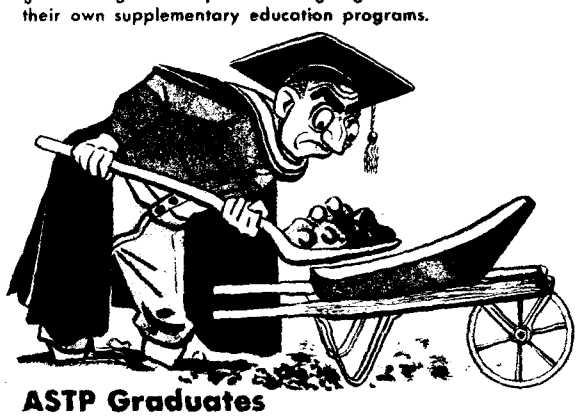
Post-War Education

Dear YANK:

What's going to be done for the ex-serviceman in the way of education after the war? Here's my case, for example: I had just completed one year of engineering at a state university when I entered the service. My college savings will be nearly exhausted when I leave the Army, and my desire for education will not be so keen unless I get help. I'm sure other GIs who left school and stepped into the ranks will not return to a classroom unless an attractive offer is made to them. Is there any plan or proposal whereby the education-seeking serviceman will get official help after the war?

Harlingen, Tex. —Pvt. JOE POMPURA

■ Plans for helping war veterans with their post-war education are being considered by both State and Federal Governments. Last fall President Roosevelt asked Congress to make it financially feasible for ex-servicemen and women to spend one year in a school, college, technical institution or in training in industry at Federal expense, with the aid extended to three years in certain cases. Congress is now working on a bill aimed at this objective. YANK has been making a survey of plans of state governments along these lines and has found that several states are waiting to see what program Congress adopts before going ahead with details of their own supplementary education programs.



ASTP Graduates

DEAR YANK:

I was sent to ASTP to study mechanical engineering. Being a college graduate I was sent out at the end of the first term with a recommendation for OCS. However, I was shipped to the Second Air Force and assigned to a construction battalion. Since then I have been trying to get transferred to an outfit where I can do the work for which I was trained, but last week I was told that the Second Air Force disallowed my transfer. I want to do useful work, but if the Army doesn't recognize the ASTP graduate, why have him?

Gowen Field, Idaho —Pfc. GEORGE RITZERT

■ The ASTP is not to blame. The authority of the ASTP ends at graduation, and the problem of putting you in the job that is most likely to benefit from your new knowledge belongs to the Second Air Force. Your best bet is to go to the personnel officer of your outfit and request a reassignment. The ASTP says most of its men are being grabbed up and put in good jobs.

Benefits for Girl Friends?

Dear YANK:

I have a problem and any help you can give me in solving it will be plenty appreciated. But please don't use my name. Shortly after I was inducted, my wife and I agreed to separate, but we didn't get a divorce. Sometime later I started living with another woman. Of course, I'm not married to this woman, but not long ago she applied for and received, with my knowledge and approval, a family allowance as my wife. Now I've been worrying about this lately because I've got a good idea that my legal wife is going to apply for an allowance also. If that happens, what can they do to the girl friend?

India —Cpl. O. T. R.

■ Brother, you'd better sit down in a hurry and write that girl friend a long letter. And the first thing you should tell her is to beg or borrow enough money pronto to pay back every cent that she has received in allowances from the Office of Dependency Benefits. Then she should send that dough together with a full and frank confession of her unenviable position to the Allowances Branch, ODB, 213 Washington Street, Newark, N. J.

What can they do to the girl friend? Mac, they can stuff the book right down her throat. What's more, if you helped her in the fraud, they can gag you with a couple of pages yourself. See Public Law 625—77th Congress; Bull. 29, W. D., 1942. Sec. 116: "Whoever shall obtain or receive any money, check, or family allowance . . . without being entitled thereto and with intent to defraud, shall be punished by a fine of not more than $2,000, or by imprisonment for not more than one year, or both." Sec. 117: "Whoever in any claim for family allowance or in any document required . . . makes any statement of a material fact knowing it to be false, shall be guilty of perjury and shall be punished by a fine of not more than $5,000, or by imprisonment for not more than two years, or both."

Come to think about it, mark that letter "Registered—Air Mail—Special Delivery."

Bond Purchases

Dear YANK:

May I ask whether enlisted men are forced to continue War Bond allotments when they don't want to? Recently I was reduced to private from corporal and I could not afford to keep purchasing a bond every month, so I tried to cancel all future bond allotments from my pay. To my surprise, I was told that under a new Army regulation an enlisted man could only reduce the amount of his bond purchases but could not request an outright cancelation. Is this correct?

Seattle, Wash. —Pvt. GILBERT V. GARCIA

■ No; bond purchases are purely voluntary and can be canceled at any time. Sometimes, however, it takes as long as four months before the cancelation can become effective.

Paratroop Rating

Dear YANK:

Several of us here would like to apply for paratroop training but there are two factors which stand in our way. First: we hold ratings and understand that all transfers to the paratroops are made in the grade of private. Second: we are married and have been told that if we volunteer for paratroop training, the Army will require our wives to sign waivers.

Camp Gruber, Okla. —Sgt. LEON SHARDY

■ If you transfer to the paratroops you will retain your grade. Your wife is not required to sign a waiver.

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The Red Army celebrates its 26th birthday Feb. 23, 1944.

STRICTLY G.I.

Mustering-Out Pay

THE War and Navy Departments have outlined the procedure for discharged servicemen of this war to follow in applying for mustering-out pay. All persons *now* in the armed forces will automatically receive mustering-out pay at time of discharge, but those already discharged will have to apply for it.

Army veterans should file applications with the Army Finance Officer for the state in which they lived at the time of their entrance into the Army. Navy and Coast Guard veterans must file applications with the Field Branch, Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, Cleveland, Ohio, and enlisted Marine veterans with the Commandant of the Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

A certificate of discharge or service must accompany each application. An informal application form such as the one below may be used.

The mustering-out pay law provides for the payment of $100 to members of the armed forces with less than 60 days' active service; or $200, payable in two equal monthly installments, to those with more than 60 days' active service; or $300, payable in three equal monthly installments, to veterans who have served for 60 days or more and have had service overseas or in Alaska. The law, however, excludes 1) men who were dishonorably discharged; 2) those transferred at time of their discharge to the retired list with retired pay; 3) those discharged or released from active duty on their own request to accept private pay, who have not served overseas or in Alaska; 4) Air Corps reserve officers entitled to receive a lump sum payment on return to inactive duty; 5) GIs whose total active service has been with the ASTP, the AAF College Training program or similar programs under Navy, Marine or Coast Guard; 6) men who were discharged for the purpose of entering the U. S. Military Academy, the U. S. Naval Academy or the Coast Guard Academy; 7) men whose only service has been as a cadet at these schools; 8) officers above the rank of captain in the Army and Marine Corps or lieutenant in the Navy or Coast Guard; members of the WAAC (not the WAC), except those having CDDs.

APPLICATION FOR MUSTERING-OUT PAY

I enclose my honorable discharge or certificate of service*

from the _____,
Army, Navy, Marine Corps or Coast Guard

and request the mustering-out payment authorized by law.

I was not discharged or released from active service on my own request to accept employment; or if I was discharged or released to accept employment I served outside the United States since Dec. 6, 1941; I am not now serving on active duty in the armed forces of the United States; and have not made and will not make any other application for mustering-out pay.

I was a resident of _____
State

at the time of my induction or enlistment.

Have you served outside the continental limits of the United States or in Alaska? _____ (Answer yes or no.)

Return my discharge or certificate of service and mail check to me at the following address:

_____
(Print or type) First name, middle name, surname

_____
Service, serial or file number

_____
Number Street

_____
City Zone State

I certify that the above information is true and correct.

_____
(Signature)

*When not available, officers will furnish other evidence of length and termination of service.

New AEF Policy

As a result of the expanding Allied offensive, the Army expects to have two-thirds of all its personnel (5 to 6 million men) serving overseas by the end of the year.

Under this new AEF policy, soldiers who come up to the present physical standards, which follow generally the standards for induction, and have served a total of more than 12 months at fixed stations or overhead activities in the U.S., will be reassigned to units or mobile activities in the overseas service pool.

Enlisted men under 30 will be reassigned first, according to length of service in the U.S. They will be followed by men over 30, with the youngest men being reassigned first. The reassignments for overseas duty will not apply, however, to men who have served overseas at any time since Pearl Harbor or to specialists whose skills cannot be used in overseas units.

Replacements for reassigned men will be made in the following order: 1) by civilians; 2) by WAC personnel; 3) by men permanently disqualified for overseas service; 4) by men who have served overseas; 5) recently inducted men with physical handicaps; 6) men who have served for less than a year in the U.S.

Relief from active duty will be given in many cases to officers over 38 who cannot be suitably placed at home or overseas and to specialist officers whose specific assignments have been completed or eliminated. The WD will make the final decision in each case, and all officers placed on inactive status will be subject to recall.

OCS Cuts

Nearing the end of its need for new junior officers, the WD has cut the number of officer-candidate schools in the U. S. from 26 to 19 and the number overseas from four to one (in Australia). Of the OCSs at home, the following have been suspended: AGD at Fort Washington, Md.; Quartermaster at Fort Warren, Wyo.; Medical Administration at Carlisle Barracks, Pa.; and Army Administration at Fargo, N. Dak.; Grinnell, Iowa; Gainesville, Fla., and Fort Washington, Md. No new candidates are being accepted at the Cavalry OCS at Fort Riley, Kans.; Harbor Defense and Coast Artillery at Fort Monroe, Va.; Tank Destroyer at Camp Hood, Tex.; and Antiaircraft and Coast Artillery at Camp Davis, N. C. Of more than 240,000 OCS graduates since September 1941, nearly 15,000 were from overseas.

Marshalls Invaders

Invaders of the Japanese-held Marshall Islands in the Central Pacific were the 4th Marine Division, a fresh outfit, and the 7th Infantry Division, veterans of Attu. The Marines, commanded by Maj. Gen. Harry Schmidt, USMC, attacked Roi and adjacent islands in Kwajalein Atoll. The Army's 7th Division, under Maj. Gen. Charles H. Corlett, landed on Kwajalein Island and adjacent islands in the same atoll. The operation was directed by Vice-Adm. Raymond A. Spruance, who commanded the successful invasion of the Gilbert Islands 10 weeks before.

Speeding Pension Claims

The WD is streamlining clearance of pension claims by GIs discharged for physical disability by having the hospital where a man is treated begin collecting the necessary records immediately after he enters instead of waiting until his case has been decided. All available records, including a photostat of his initial physical exam when he entered the Army, will be forwarded to the Veterans' Administration if the GI requires further hospitalization after his discharge.

Certain Army camps vacated by troops sent overseas are to be turned over to the Veterans' Bureau for use as veterans' hospitals.

GI Shop Talk

To teach Air Force units how best to benefit from friendly searchlights in combined air defense is one of the objectives of an intensive two-month course conducted at the AAF Tactical Center, Orlando, Fla., for antiaircraft battalions, which are trained to cooperate with fighter planes. . . . Dogs of the Army K-9 Corps will be "reprocessed" to make them friendly before they are returned to civil life. Some war dogs have already been discharged, but most are in for the duration plus. . . . A joint announcement of the War and Navy Departments reveals that military establishments in U. S. coastal areas are being reduced "in order that soldiers can be sent overseas where the principal need for them now exists." . . . . The 2d Battalion of the 60th Infantry Regiment has been awarded a unit citation for extraordinary heroism in Tunisia

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Minus Deductions

Camp Luna, N. Mex.—Pvt. Milford Springer of the Unit Personnel Office, standing in line to collect his $50 per, was informed that he had won a $3,600,000 lawsuit in the U. S. Supreme Court.

Pvt. Springer, formerly an attorney for the Federal Power Commission, had filed a brief with the high court in a public-utility rate case shortly before entering the service.

To Whom It May Concern

Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif.—S/Sgt. Frank Alters of the 322d Inf., writing to his current heart-throb, told her of his love, his devotion and his faithfulness. He finished the letter, then reached for an envelope. Then he hesitated, shook his head and tore the letter up.

He'd forgotten the girl's last name.

Some Baby

Baer Field, Ind.—When the chaplain called up the WAC orderly room here to request a girl to act as godmother at a christening, Cpl. Anne Crotty volunteered.

"What was it?" one girl asked when the corporal returned. "Boy or girl?" Cpl. Crotty said it was a boy.

"How darling! How old was he?"

Cpl. Crotty blushed and said: "Twenty-three."

IT MUST BE LOVE

Camp Blanding, Fla.—A young boy, who had to have his mother's permission to work at the motor pool here, returned to camp recently with a note from her which read:

"Dear Lieutenant: I love my son. You will love him, too. Let him go to work for you."

Come and Get It

Camp Irwin, Calif.—It was a cold morning out on the East Range when Pfc. Francis Gentile, bugler for B Btry., 496th Bn., turned out to blow breakfast chow call.

In the middle of the call his memory faltered and he could not remember how it went. In disgust, he threw his bugle to the ground, cupped his hands and yelled: "Chow!"

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Roberts, Calif.—Pvt. John Halpin of the 53d FA Tng. Bn. clutched a bottle under his coat as he waited for a streetcar. An automobile swerved off the street and up on the sidewalk, caught Pvt. Halpin on its bumper and gave him a wild ride before it finally came to a halt. When Halpin extricated himself from the bumper, happy that he and the bottle had survived, the bottle slipped out of his grasp and crashed to the pavement.

Camp Hill, Idaho—The Hult family of St. Paul, Minn., is going all-out for war. S. J. Hult, 38, arrived here shortly after his son Richard finished boot training. Meanwhile, another son, 17, is planning to enlist in the Army—just to provide fireside arguments at home after the war.

Camp Gruber, Okla.—Pfc. Maurice Roberts and Pfc. Jesse Hardy, cooks at the MP-Band mess hall, were finishing their duties when two gals from Muskogee paid them a visit. GIs stared incredulously as the two girls grabbed mops and helped the pfcs clean the floor.

ASCTC, Fresno, Calif.—Pvt. Harold D. Cutter claims the West Coast transfer championship. In 15 months he has been in 10 camps and with 22 outfits, yet has never left the Pacific Coast. He's still looking forward to his first pass or furlough. "Just about time one is due," he says, "I get shipped out."

CAMP NEWS

TASKMASTER. C'mon, get into it! This bulldog took over from an instructor to show these GIs at Camp Beale, Calif., how calisthenics should really be done.

AIR MINDED. Patsy and Sandra, twin daughters of Sgt. and Mrs. Marlin Sandri of Bolling Field, D. C., are only a year old but they like planes better than cake.

THE IMPOSSIBLE, but it happened. After Co. B, 27th Tank Bn., at Camp Campbell, Ky., made a crack showing in gunnery, the CO allowed his company to have breakfast in bed. Sgt. Charles Micklick, in bed, is getting the best of care.

SPECIAL ATTENTION. These leathernecks are wasting no time about showing their preference. She's Pfc. Eugenia (Bonnie) Bonner, one of the Women Marines at Camp Lejeune, N. C., who threw a party for some of the Corps' male members.

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Camp Barkeley, Tex.—Pvt. George Lipscomb found it difficult to stay on his seat in a crowded bus. Beside him sat a large individual who, with each turn of the bus, seemed bent on sliding Lipscomb off the seat. Becoming aggravated, the private dug his elbow into the guy's ribs and told him to stay on his own side. When the bus arrived in camp and the lights were turned on, Lipscomb found that his seat partner was no less than a lieutenant colonel.

Camp Kohler, Calif.—1st Sgt. James Jones impressed upon the trainees in his outfit that any orders he gave were to be complied with on the double, or else. One trainee took Jones' instructions very seriously. The next morning he came bounding out of his barracks at the first notes of reveille, ran into a GI can in the dark and knocked himself cold.

TODAY'S GOOD DEED

Maxton Army Air Base, N. C.—Pvt. John E. Michalski, on MP duty during the holidays in Laurinburg, was posted at the bus station. He thought nothing of it when a girl approached him, smiling. Then she kissed him and ducked away, laughing.

He turned quickly to find a GI joker standing behind him, laughing, too, as he held a piece of mistletoe over the blushing MP's head.

IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY

H. L. Bruner, a marine at Parris Island, S. C.; Stella Bruner, a Wac at Camp Crowder, Mo., and P. L. Bruner, an Army MP at Fort Screven, Ga., are son, mother and father, and all corporals.

Patterson Field, Ohio—Pfc. J. R. Hancock of the 478th Guard Sq. was busy in the supply room making a platform to be used by guards in directing traffic at the main gate. His masterpiece finished, he stepped back awaiting the praise of the supply men. None came. The platform was too big to go through the supply-room door.

Stinson Field, Tex.—T-4 Howard Johnson was in something of a fog when, having finished his noon meal, he got up from the table and headed dreamily toward the barracks. There he was recalled to consciousness by the laughter of his barracks mates and the discovery that he was still carrying his tray, cup and silverware.

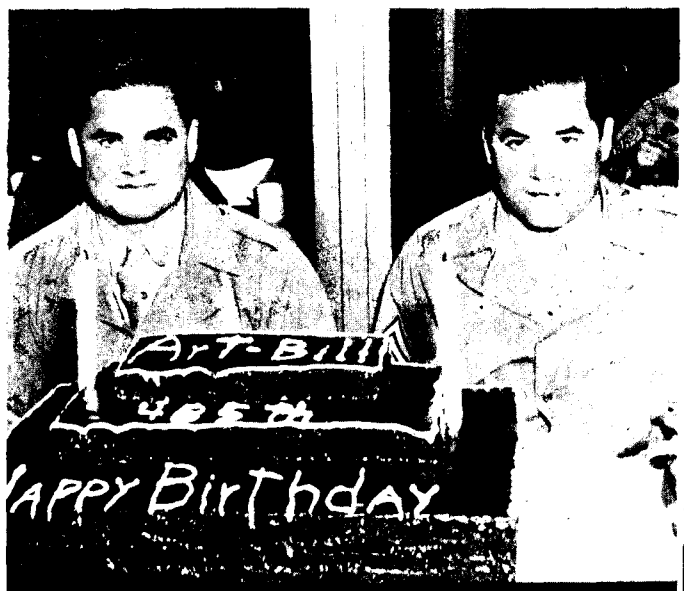
Fort Eustis, Va.—Cpl. Ralph B. Robinson, Radio School instructor, is awakened each morning by no harsh, nerve-grating alarm clock. Instead, his clock gives forth with the melodic and sprightly strains of "Off to Work We Go," the hit tune from "Snow White." The clock is a Christmas gift from Robinson's wife.

Camp Davis, N. C.—Pfc. Gilbert Owen was taking golf lessons from Sgt. Charlie Dow, who teaches GIs at Daytona Beach, Fla. Dow had about given up when, on the short fourth hole, Owen miraculously hit the pin on his drive. "See if you can do that again," said Dow. Owen teed up, took an unprofessional swipe at the ball. This time it landed in the cup for an ace.

Fort Sheridan, Ill.—A former Nazi storm trooper, who served in Hitler's forces for about a year, is among the trainees in the 1672d STU. He is Pvt. Frank Seiferman, who came to the U. S. before Pearl Harbor and is now applying for American citizenship.

Gardiner General Hospital, Ill.—Another candidate for the shortest name in the Army is nominated by Cpl. Walter Thoresen who reports that a recent patient here was Pvt. John Ey, who has a sister named Dot Ey.

Scott Field, Ill.—Pvt. John T. Shearer, fireman in the 30th TSS, discovered why the hot water supply in one of the barracks dwindled very rapidly after first-shift students went off to class. Each morning, after the students left at 0515, one of his assistants would close himself in the latrine, turn on all the hot-water faucets in the shower room and take a steam bath.



DOUBLE BIRTHDAY. Sgt. Arthur L. and Cpl. Bill Hafits, twins, celebrate their 26th birthday together at the Kearney Army Air Base, Nebr., with the help of the mess-hall bakers, who gave them their cake.

TAG WARMERS. Cpl. Rosella Malone, mail clerk in the Engineer Replacement Center, Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., knitted special "bootees" to tie over her dog tags. They stop them jingling and keep her warm.

BASEBALL EYES. Maybe he could call a strike, but Art Passarella, first major-league umpire to be inducted, is having a hard time threading a needle to sew on his T-5s at Camp Grant, Ill.

PLAIN GUY. M/Sgt. Henry Lalumendier, 51, Tinker AAF, Okla., fought in four World War I battles, at Pearl Harbor and Midway, but he wears no ribbons.

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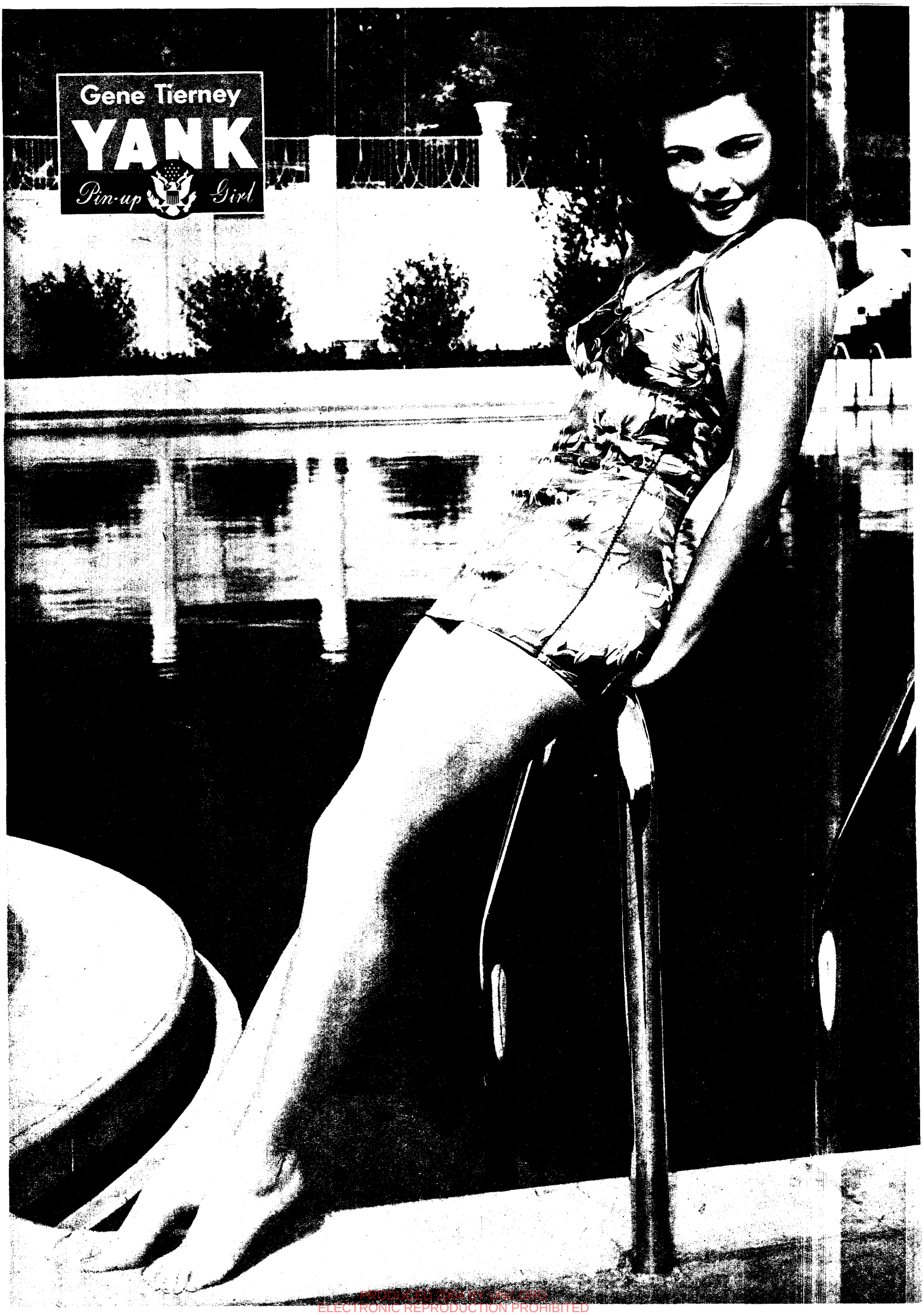

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What goes on in the ENTERTAINMENT WORLD back home

RITA HAYWORTH in Columbia's "Cover Girl"

Dinah Shore has started work on "Belle of the Yukon." Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen are doing the songs. . . . At Marjorie Reynolds' urging, the girls in the cast of "Up in Mabel's Room" have selected Chief Gunner's Mate Jimmy Fitzimmons, Pacific veteran, as "the man they'd most want to find Up in Mabel's Room." . . . Elsa Lanchester, in "Passport to Adventure," plays the part of a London charwoman planning to kill Hitler. . . . Vivien Leigh returns to the screen in a film version of George Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra." . . . Barton MacLane has been signed for one of the principal roles in "Pilebuck," which stars Pat O'Brien. . . . Dorothy Lamour plays an Indian Princess in the new Technicolor musical, "Princess on the Warpath." . . . Benny Goodman checked into Hollywood recently to play himself in "Sweet and Lowdown," a semibiographical tale of his own musical career. . . . The first Hopalong Cassidy film without Bill Boyd went into production this month. . . . Ruth Hussey, who provides the chief feminine appeal in "Marine Raiders," was recently made an honorary member of "The Wolf Pack," a group of Marine fighter pilots who held Henderson Field on Guadalcanal. . . . James Craig has the romantic lead opposite Lana Turner in "Marriage Is a Private Affair." . . . Lena Horne was selected by the magazine *Mademoiselle* to receive one of the 10 Merit Awards for high achievement among young women in 1943. . . . Joseph Cotten has the leading male role in "The House of Dr. Edwards," thriller which Alfred Hitchcock will direct. . . . Esther Williams, former Olympic swimming star, will play her first dramatic role in "Thrill of a Romance." . . . Chester Morris has the lead in "Sub-Busters," a Merchant Marine story. . . . The story of Gen. Billy Mitchell is to be filmed from the biography written by Isaac Don Levine.

Amy Arnell, former vocalist with Tommy Tucker, has left to go it alone. . . . The new thrush with Al Donahue's band is a New Orleans gal, Dana Phelps. Donahue found her singing at the Casino Royale. . . . Karl George, former trumpet player with Lionel Hampton, has joined the Stan Kenton band on the West Coast. . . . Freddie Slack is in the Navy. . . . Count Basie's orchestra is due to return to the Lincoln Hotel in New York City next month. . . . Billy Bishop is the envy of most band leaders; he has an all-4-F crew. . . . Georgie Auld's orchestra followed Enric Madriguera into the Commodore Hotel in New York City. . . . Gracie Barrie, who took over the baton when her husband, Dick Stabile, went into the Coast Guard last year, disbanded her orchestra recently and went back into circulation as a soloist. . . . Teddy Powell, who goes into the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman, Chicago, later this month, has a 4-F rating. . . . Louis Prima won a fiddling contest in New Orleans at the age of 10 and organized a 12-piece band to cash in on his fame. . . . Hal McIntyre has written a book about the dance-band business titled "Chords and Discords." . . . Kitty Kallen, vocalist with Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra, left that outfit to join the Bing Crosby air show. . . . Roy Eldredge, who has been working night-club dates with a six-piece band, has organized a 15-piece outfit. . . . Charlie Agnew and band are at El Rancho Vegas in Las Vegas, Nev.

Amy Arnell

COAST TO COAST

Evelyn Knight, singing star of CBS, introduced a song, "Ship at Sea," written by Pvt. Sol Parker while aboard ship en route to North Africa. Parker, with Frank Sinatra, also wrote "This Love of Mine." . . . After she closes at the Palmer House, Chicago, Hildegarde is scheduled to star in a Broadway musical to be produced by Mike Todd. . . . A road company of "Arsenic and Old Lace" with Boris Karloff did capacity business at the Kansas City (Mo.) Music Hall, the Des Moines (Iowa) Shrine Auditorium and other spots in the Middle West. . . . Stage shows were dropped for a straight film policy by the Central Theater in Passaic, N. J. . . . Sophie Tucker will follow Jimmie Durante into the Copacabana in New York. . . . Bingo games, which have kept many theaters going, proved no boon to the Palace Theater in Mt. Jewett, Pa.; the house shuttered recently for "lack of cooperation." . . . Dramatization of Arthur Train's character, "Mr. Tutt," is in the offing, with Raymond Massey in the title role. . . . The Cafe Loyale, Fifth Ave. (N. Y.) restaurant for many years, has been turned into a night club. . . . Reviewers of George White's "Scandals of 1944" at the Orpheum in San Diego voted the production White's best in recent years. . . . The Houston (Tex.) Symphony Orchestra provided the background music for a wrestling show put on at the Houston Municipal Auditorium for the recent War Bond drive. . . . KSTP, Twin Cities NBC outlet, moves on Mar. 2 to a new location on the second floor of the former Minnesota Theater in Minneapolis, now named the Radio City Theater. . . . The American Music Theater's successful English rendition of "La Traviata" at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium will be followed by similar offerings of "The Marriage of Figaro" on Mar. 7 and "La Boheme" on May 9. . . . The public-relations committee of the Philadelphia Board of Education is issuing monthly bulletins to teachers and parent-teacher groups, recommending radio programs for in-school and out-of-school children.

Evelyn Knight

War Sinks Showboat

Capt. Billy Bryant's Showboat, a tradition of the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers for almost 50 years, has passed out of the picture for the duration. It was sold recently and will sweat out the war as a wharfboat in Huntington, W. Va.

Bryant, reports have it, will take his show under canvas in the Spring, covering the same Ohio Valley towns he once did by water.

Toscanini on Film

Three years ago a movie company offered Arturo Toscanini $250,000 for a single picture, but the maestro turned it down cold. Recently behind locked doors at NBC, New York, a short featuring the great conductor was made by the Motion Picture Bureau of the Overseas Division of OWI. Informal takes were also made at the maestro's home in Riverdale, N. Y.

The short, which will be distributed soon overseas, and for which Toscanini offered his services gratis, features also the NBC Symphony with Jan Peerce, Met tenor, as soloist, supported by the Westminster Choir.

The Three Senses

LATEST gag going the rounds of the radio game has the 9 P. M. (EWT) slot on Wednesday night tagged as the "Battle of the Senses." The "Eyes" (comedian Eddie Cantor) are on NBC, the "Voice" (swooner Frank Sinatra) is on CBS, and the "Brain" (mind-reader Dunninger) is on the Blue Network.

Music Rest Camp

A rest camp, part of a plan for the rehabilitation of former musicians and singers who have been given HDs by the services, may be established at Cape Cod, Mass., next summer. The camp, which will afford ex-GIs an opportunity for public performance before returning to the actual professional field, will be opened by the Cape Cod Musical Arts Center, East Brewster, Mass., and will be staffed by a group of resident directors and teachers.

The organization will be housed in a building on the East Brewster beach, accommodating 150 persons, and will offer opportunities for public performances of light operas and ballet.

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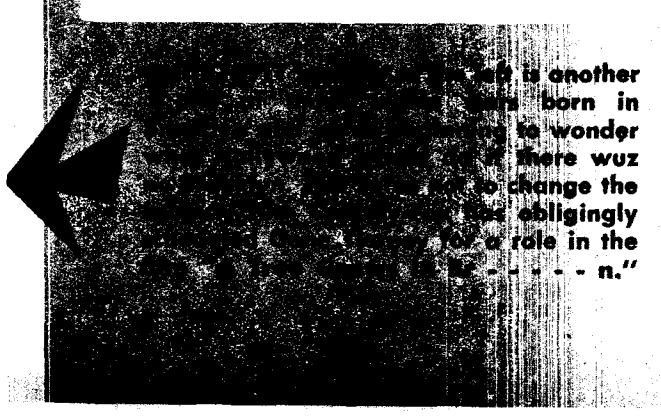

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—Pvt. J. W. Blake, Camp Wheeler, Ga.

Duet in the Music Room

Do you know how it is when you're all pooped out, and you're fed up with sweating out lines and listening to whistles, and then you walk into the music room of the Service Club and sit down? It's a Sunday, a damp, cold Sunday. The trees outside are like skeletons and they looked pooped, too. But inside the room is warm and the music gets into your bones.

So while you're slouched in a chair, you look at the faces. If you look only once, you'll think they're all angry, but they aren't. They're wrapped up in the music, some of them, and the others are using the music as a back drop for what's going on in their heads.

Then a girl comes in. She's just an ordinary-looking girl, but there are thousands of guys here and not many girls, so you give her a second look. She's plain all right, but her eyes are blue and round and clear, and she has dimples that dig into her pale cheeks. She has brown hair, brushed down her neck. The brown looks coppery in the light, and then she doesn't seem so ordinary.

She sits down and looks around the room as if she's expecting somebody. She fidgets a little in her chair. Then the door opens and in walks a big, hard-faced rookie. The girl spots him and her face lights up. She half rises, then sits down again and waits for him.

The guy's nose has been busted somewhere and it makes him look tough. His mouth opens and closes like a fish, and he swallows hard a couple of times. Then he flops into a chair next to hers, and he grabs her hand, and for a minute they just sit there, looking at each other.

The next time you look at them the big guy is throwing an angry glance at his wrist watch and a little of the brightness leaves the girl's face. They get up and they walk slowly toward the door. Their hands are locked, his right and her left, and he has to stoop to look at her face, while she tilts her head back so she can look at his. The music winds up in a triumphant finale, but I doubt if they hear it as they walk out.

Fort McClellan, Ala. —Pvt. DAVID A. GORDON

THE DON

Quietly flows the Don, I've heard 'em say,
And quietly might it flow, I well agree.
The things that mark the Don are fit for song
Or sculptors' tools, and good geography.
The tenor of my days, as like as not,
Owes much to why the Don flows on serene,
And what I pay for pork or chewing gum
Has much to do with what the Don has seen.

297 Gen. Hospital, Calif. —Pfc. RAYMOND B. COLE

JINGLE

Gather ye brass bars while ye may
And live your life in clover;
For he who the war makes a shavetail today
Will be a soda jerk again when it's over.

Davis-Monthan Field, Ariz. —Pfc. RALPH D. POWELL

THOUGHTS

I thought I heard the sergeant say,
"I need one more KP."
I thought that I had done my share,
But still he picked on me.

I thought of all the times before,
I thought of plans in town,
I thought of all the guys I hate;
The sergeant won hands down.

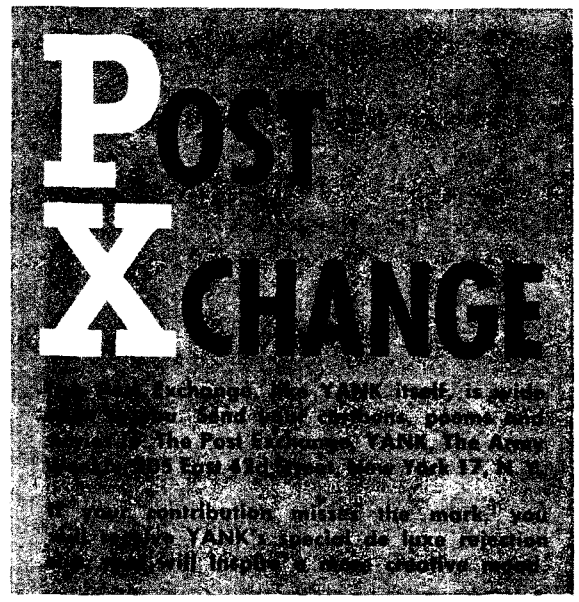
I thought I'd tell the so and so
A place wherein to head,
But then I thought of future lists
And left my speech unsaid.

Municipal Airport, Memphis, Tenn. —Pvt. HERB SHEIBER

SNOW JOBS

Oh, I'll stick near
When they chew my ear
About all the millions
They made as civilians.
It doesn't even matter
When they start in to chatter
How they can take their drinkin'
And never get stinkin'.
But brother I go,
I really do blow,
When they say it ain't the stripes
That they want, but the dough!

Fort Hamilton, N. Y. —T-4 IRVING ROCKMORE



PAY-TRIOT

He warbles patriotic platitudes
And waves his country's flag;
For when he strikes heroic attitudes
He fills the money bag.

At freedom's shrine his offering votive
(He won't miss it a lot)
Is prompted by the profit motive—
All hail the pay-triot!

Camp Shelby, Miss. —S/Sgt. A. L. CROUCH

The Recruit

Sergeant Butch McGonigle banged a mighty fist on the PX bar.

"Damn to bloody hell, O'Toole," he bellowed. "It don't seem like 30 year!"

Sgt. Wahoo O'Toole guzzled, belched and said: "Nope, it don't. Ain't many of us 30-year men left."

"Trumpin' buncha recruits," growled McGonigle. "Don't seem more'n 20 year ago I was swore in."

"Twenty-five at most," agreed O'Toole. "Where was your first hitch?"

"Philippines," said Butch. "You?"

"Wahoo," said Wahoo. "I shacked up with——"

"Me, too," interrupted McGonigle. "Mulatto. Named Pepita. Lost damned near 15 pound 'fore I shipped back."

"Knew her ol' lady," said O'Toole. "Fat. Wisht to hell we was back there."

McGonigle grunted, swallowed. "Too old, they say. Trump! Anyways, we got a month's furlough."

"Yeah," said O'Toole. "Time for a helluva binge. How much dough you got?"

"Hunnerd bucks. You?"

"Hunnerd'n fifty. Friend of mine's got a shack in the Catskills. We could have a helluva binge."

"We need more dough," said McGonigle.

"How about Flanagan?" asked O'Toole. "He took a hunnerd'n fifty in the game yestiddy."

McGonigle frowned. "Twenty-year man, ain't he?"

"Yeah," O'Toole hesitated, "but he's okay. Drinks like a trumpin' fish."

"I believe in stickin' to your own class." McGonigle took a meditative swallow. "How much you say he won?"

Six brews later it was decided. Flanagan had a furlough due. They would let down the barriers and allow him to contribute to the party. The next morning they collared him, and the three pooled their resources.

McGonigle said: "Flanagan, figurin' by seniority, you're elected to get the supplies. Here's four hunnerd bucks. We'll meet in the beer garden at 3 o'clock. Now, remember—figure on supplies for a month."

Through the long, dragging hours, McGonigle and O'Toole awaited Flanagan's return with mounting anxiety.

"Wahoo," he said nervously, "maybe we shouldn'ta trusted Flanagan with that wad. Remember, he's only a pfc."

"What do you expect in 20 year?" demanded O'Toole. "Besides——"

But he stopped there. Flanagan had breezed through the doorway, his arms full of packages.

"Well, boys," he cried, "strike up the band! Everything's set."

"It took you long enough," said McGonigle. "Whadaja get?"

Flanagan was almost dancing. "Don't worry, Uncle Flanagan used his ol' head."

"Cut the bilge," spat O'Toole. "Whadaja get?"

Flanagan placed the packages on the bar and wrapped his arms around their shoulders. "Well, boys, I said to myself: 'This is a drinkin' trip so I spent 50 bucks on chow and the other three hunnerd'n fifty I blowed on liquor!'"

A stream of golden brew gushed from McGonigle's mouth.

"You what!"

Flanagan retreated. "Well, boys, look. Ain't this supposed to be a binge?"

McGonigle's face assumed the flush of an apoplectic lobster.

"It's all your fault, O'Toole," he roared. "I warned ye about a trumpin' 20-year man. The goddam rookie! Blowin' all that dough on eats!"

McClellan Field, Calif. —Cpl. RICHARD S. BURDICK

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Cpl. Clark's friends, Stewart and Magerkurth, show you what an umpire's life is like when Durocher pops off.

SPORTS: LIFE IS ROUGH IN IRAN FOR THIS UMPIRE LOVER

By Cpl. JAMES P. O'NEILL

NORTHERN IRAN—Ten years ago a bunch of kids were playing baseball on Bedford Avenue a few blocks away from Ebbets Field in Brooklyn, when suddenly a bystander broke up the game. "The Dodgers lost a close one to the Giants and they're gonna beat up the umpires!" he yelled. The next minute the Bedford Avenue gang was on its way to see the massacre. Among the gang was a corporal now serving his country and Brooklyn in Iran; he was a skinny kid and his name was Charley Clark.

The kids gathered around the players' entrance at Ebbets Field and waited for the umpires to appear. The crowd had tomatoes for ammunition. The door opened and the umps walked out with two cops on each side. The crowd closed in and the cops, Brooklyn bred and born, moved aside. All hell broke loose. The crowd bombarded the umps with tomatoes; they screamed "Robbers!" and they kicked them in the shins. Young Charley Clark watched all this and he noticed one thing. The umpires didn't try to duck the crowd. Instead they walked sedately to the cab at the sidewalk. From that day on Charley Clark wanted to be an umpire.

Instead of putting Ruth and Hornsby in his scrapbook, Charley saved pictures of Klem and Moriarity, and when the Bedford Avenue kids gathered around the players' entrance to get the autographs of the big stars, Clark waited, alone, for the umps.

When the umpires were sure that Charlie wasn't a stooge from Flatbush with a stink bomb in his pocket, they started to talk to him. Bill Stewart and George Magerkurth became his pals, and when he graduated from high school they persuaded Matty Schwab, groundskeeper at Ebbets Field, to give him a job.

Within a few months Clark became an umpire's assistant. He laid out their clothes before the game, rubbed the baseballs with soil and water to take off the smooth gloss, and he listened to all the umpire lingo. He wanted to be an umpire now more than ever. One day he went up to Bill Stewart and told him about it.

"Son," said Stewart, "take up some nice trade like lion training. An umpire's life is like being married to 10 women all at once—and all of them throwing kitchenware. Do you want to live all your life being chased out of town, getting hit with pop bottles, having your own kids boo you, and getting callouses on your cheeks from whiskered ball players shoving their pusses in your face?" Then Stewart asked as an afterthought, "Have you ever thought of bein' a missionary in a leper colony?"

Charley couldn't be swayed. He wanted to be an umpire. Even when he landed the job of announcing for the ball park, he still looked at the austere black robes on the field below with longing.

Shortly after Pearl Harbor Charley Clark enlisted. The umpires gave him a farewell party and just before he said good-bye, Charley asked Stewart one favor. "If I get back from this mess, Bill, will you try and get me a spot in some minor league, umpiring?" Stewart promised he would.

Charley was assigned to the 730th Railway Operating Battalion and placed in headquarters. His outfit moved overseas. A few months ago they formed a softball league and as soon as Clark heard of it, he parked himself on the Special Service doorsteps; when they opened up he volunteered for an umpiring assignment. He got it.

Charley was a damned fine ump—just, calm and tough. But, gradually, Clark began to lose his friends. The fellows at headquarters would only talk to him through channels and the mess sergeant never gave him a full dish of the monthly ice cream. By the time the play-offs came around, Charley was only talking to three male Red Cross workers and the chaplain.

His company, which, incidentally, had a good ball club, played in the finals and Charley worked that game. In the sixth inning, Charley called one of his boys out on three straight strikes, with two out and the winning and tying runs on third and second. The opposing team came back in the seventh and won the ball game on a run scored by a guy who received a walk from umpire Clark.

Right now Bill Stewart's friend, Charley Clark, is in a bad way. The boys have moved his bed to one end of the barracks and are building a screen around it. Even the three male Red Cross workers aren't talking to him. They had a few *rials* on his outfit.

But Brooklyn citizens are stubborn. "I'm still gonna be an umpire," Clark says, "even if they put me on detached service and the chaplain stops talking to me."

CLOSE CALL. A/C Ted Williams, now on the final lap of flight training at Pensacola, Fla., almost cracked up recently when he started to take off with his wing flaps lowered. His instructor caught him in time.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Sgt. Joe Louis and **Sgt. Ray Robinson** have started a six-week refresher in basic training at Camp Sibert, Ala., to prepare them for an overseas tour of combat zones. . . . **Capt. Jimmy Braddock** has just gone on record with a prediction that **Cpl. Billy Conn** will box the ears off Louis if the war keeps them apart for another two years. . . . Someone has just discovered that **Lt. Gen. Joseph Stilwell,** the CBI commander, used to be an Eastern Intercollegiate League basketball official and once served on the rules committee. . . . **Frank Leahy,** the Notre Dame coach, leaves any day now for Sicily and Italy where he will show films of Notre Dame's 1943 football games. . . . There's a $200-per-week broadcasting job waiting for **Sgt. Barney Ross** when he gets his CDD some time this spring. . . . One of the last things that **Maj. Greg Boyington,** the Marine flying ace, did before he was reported missing in action was to accept the St. Louis Cardinal baseball caps for his "Black Sheep" squadron. . . . You probably won't believe it, but the No. 1 sport in the armed forces is billiards. Table tennis is next, then in order: outdoor tennis (especially popular with pilots), basketball and softball.

Inducted: **Johnny Vander Meer,** Cincinnati's double no-hit kid (once rejected because of stomach disorder), into the Navy; **Van Lingle Mungo,** the Giants' old fireball hurler from the Dodgers, into the Army; **Virgil (Fire) Trucks,** Detroit's strike-out specialist (118 last season), into the Navy; **Al Milnar,** St. Louis Browns' lefty, into the Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Jimmy Foxx,** former American League home-run king, because of severe sinusitis; **Oris Hockett,** Cleveland outfielder, because of an old knee injury. . . . *Reclassified 1-A;* **Jug McSpaden,** winner of the recent Los Angeles Open Golf Tournament; **Bill Johnson,** Yankee third baseman and rookie of the year; **Billy Herman,** second baseman and key man of the Brooklyn infield; **Rudy York,** Detroit's slugging first baseman and 1943 home-run champion; **Ken O'Dea,** who had become the Cardinals' first-string catcher through the drafting of Walker Cooper; **Bill Lohrman,** former Giant pitcher traded last season to the Dodgers; **Dom Dallessandro,** Chicago Cubs' outfielder. . . . *Promoted:* **Sgts. Max** and **Buddy Baer,** physical-training instructors in the Air Service Command, to staff sergeants at Patterson Field, Ohio. . . . *Transferred:* **Capt. Granny Lansdell,** Southern California's 1939 Rose Bowl star, from the Central Mediterranean Air Force to Santa Monica, Calif., for reassignment; **Ensign Billy Soose,** retired middleweight champ, from Nome, Alaska, to the States for reassignment.

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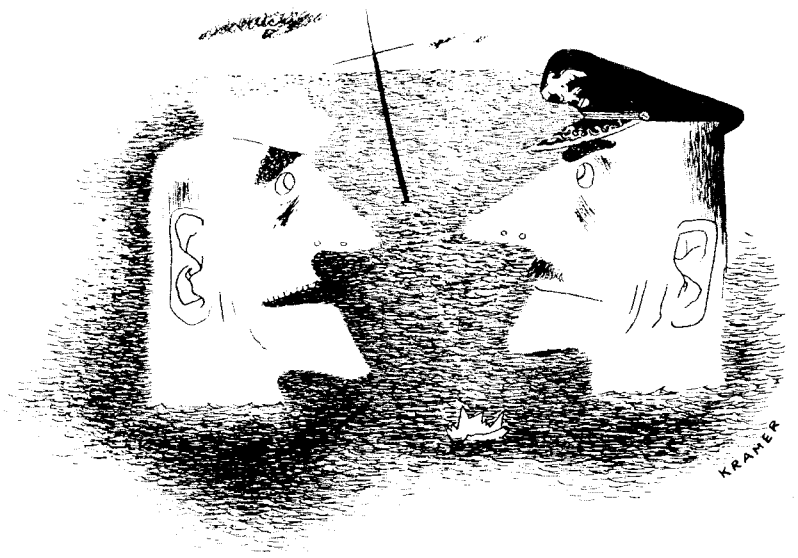

"GORMAN WOULD LIKE TO KNOW IF HE CAN TAKE HIS FINGER OUT OF THE LEAK NOW, SIR."
—Pfc. Joe Kramer

"WHAT TIME IS REVEILLE OUT HERE, MEN?"
—Cpl. Aldo Marcucci

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"I'D LIKE A LITTLE FATHERLY ADVICE, SIR."
—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell

"BEEN IN NEW GUINEA LONG, DOC?"
—Sgt. Bill Morrow

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